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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in English language. It is a large sheet, 16 x 24 inches, of forty-eight columns filled with interesting news, editorials, editorials, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable financial and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business.

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Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening. In the absence of Mayor Clarke, who was out of the city, Alderman Delancey Kane presided. The regular weekly pay rolls were approved and some other business of importance was considered.

A petition was presented, signed by Lorillard Spencer and many others, asking that a home for hopeless consumptive cases be established. The petition stated, that the project was recommended by the board of health, endorsed by the Newport Medical Association, the Charity Organization Society, and the Association for the Relief and Prevention of Tuberculosis. All that is asked for at present is a public hearing on the subject. Alderman Kane objected very seriously to any such establishment. He said that it would hurt Newport's reputation to have such a place, and he thought that as there are suitable consumptive homes in other parts of the State, one isn't needed here. He said that the fair held for the benefit of the Tuberculosis Association have hurt Newport already.

The other members of the board did not agree with Mr. Kane. It was argued that consumption is a communicable disease and that it is much better to have the patients segregated than to have them on the streets. Dr. Storer, who was present, spoke in favor of the petition, and it was finally voted to give a hearing on November 21.

A petition was received from Mary E. Sullivan asking \$500 damages for injuries received by falling on Thames street, between Green and Prospect Hill streets, on August 26. A hearing was set for December 5.

In view of the absence of Mayor Clarke, members of the Washington street extension commission who were present, asked for a continuance of their business.

Newporters in Explosion.

There were several Newport girls in the East Greenwich Academy dormitory which was wrecked by a boiler explosion on Tuesday evening. Fortunately all of them escaped without more than slight injury, although several were in the rooms that received much of the shock of the explosion. Rev. C. A. Stenhouse, formerly of this city, is the principal of the school, and his daughter, Miss Mae Stenhouse, is one of the teachers there. She took an active part in removing the girls from the wrecked dormitory, being herself in the building when the explosion occurred. Miss Helen Stoddard, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William C. Stoddard, was also in the dormitory at the time, her room being one of those that sustained the worst damage. She received slight injuries and her mother went to East Greenwich on Wednesday to look after her. It is now supposed that the explosion was due to an accumulation of coal gas caused by one of the students, acting as fireman, starting a new fire under an unused boiler. The school has been closed pending repairs and will not re-open until the Monday after Thanksgiving. It is regarded as almost miraculous that the students escaped as easily as they did.

Every Wednesday afternoon and Saturday afternoon and evening at Barney's Music Store they have a young lady pianist who cheerfully plays any piece of music desired. This enterprising store is making great strides forward in all its departments. This is especially noticeable in their Sheet Music Department where a stock is kept second to none in the State, and sold at prices surprisingly low.

Representative Council.

No Final Action Taken on Important Matters
Committee on Re-valuation and the
Board of Aldermen Submit Reports.

The representative council held a meeting on Monday evening for the purpose of considering the reports of the board of aldermen and of the committee of ten on re-valuation, and of transacting other important business. There were many vacant chairs in the chamber, although late comers arrived at intervals until the absentees numbered only 20. There were some spectators in the galleries, but not nearly as many as at former meetings. Not a great deal of important business was transacted, much of the most important business being referred to the committee of twenty-five, which committed many parliamentarians think expired when the budget was reported last February. Chairman Sheffield presided and City Clerk Fullerton and Deputy Clerk Callahan looked after the records. Mayor Clarke and the board of aldermen were in attendance.

The committee of ten on re-valuation of the taxable property of the city submitted a long report. Considerable progress was shown. The large committee had felt that more expert knowledge was required and it was decided to refer the details to a sub-committee consisting of Andrew K. Quin, Herbert L. Dyer and M. A. McCormick. This committee had gone ahead and prepared a card system of keeping property records, the cost being \$1,048.11. After the work is finished the records will have to be transferred to permanent cards at a cost of about \$600. The report cited many cases of unequal valuation found, as well as much property that is not taxed at all. The committee recommended that the office of permanent clerk to the tax board be created at a salary of \$1200, for the purpose of always keeping the records up to date. It was also recommended that the ordinance requiring builders to get permits for doing work be strictly enforced and that the city clerk and probate clerk be required to notify the board of all transfers of property.

Accompanying the report were resolutions accepting the same, an ordinance creating the office of clerk of the board at a salary of \$1200, and a resolution appropriating \$6000 to cover the expenses already incurred as well as those contemplated. The resolution was first taken up and put upon its passage. On an aye and nay vote the chair declared it apparently defeated. A roll call was asked for but before it was taken Mr. George Gordon King asked that the matter be considered as a whole before voting on any of them. He explained that the money needed to cover the expenses above referred to and that the balance is to be distributed among the sub-committees of three men, giving them about \$1000 each as recompence for their labors. There was considerable discussion of the matter and it was voted that 350 copies of the report and accompanying papers be printed and distributed to the members. It was voted to lay the report and accompanying business on the table for consideration at a subsequent meeting after the members have had opportunity to consider it in print.

Reports were received from the committee on new railroad station, and the committee on the funeral of City Clerk David Stevens.

The board of aldermen submitted a report covering the investigations of the different departments that have been in progress during the year. There were no very startling defects discovered and the report dealt principally with generalities. The highway department was found to be well conducted, but there is urgent need for a new pavement on Thames street. The board wanted the school department brought under their jurisdiction and recommended that the Legislature be asked to amend the law to that effect. The fire department was found to be very efficient and well equipped, but the Laddie Company No. 1 has very crowded quarters.

That part of the report dealing with the matter of lighting was as follows:

There are at present three contracts with the city for furnishing light. These are held by the Newport Gas Light Company, the Cleveland Vapor Light Company and the Old Colony Street Railway Company.

The board points out to you the fact that two of these contracts expire very shortly; that of the Newport Gas Light Company on the first Monday in January, 1908, and that of the Cleveland Vapor Light Company February 28, 1908.

The board recommends that proposals for new contracts for a term of three years be advertised to take the place of those expiring; that the time of the beginning of the contracts be dated May 1 instead of the first Monday in January and February 28, respectively, as now dated, and that the present contracts be extended by agreement with the present contractors until May 1, 1908, as in the opinion of the board the chances of competition would be better May 1, and a more advantageous contract would thereby be secured.

The board found that the total sum

of lights furnished was 921, giving an average of a little better than 10 lights to every mile of street, or one to every 528 feet, making Newport a remarkably well lighted city.

The board was unable to determine the actual candle power furnished without the employment of an expert lighting engineer.

The Magnetic Arc Lamp lately installed by the Old Colony Street Bellway Company to take the place of the old carbon lamps, while claimed by the company as superior to the former style of lamp, had not, in the opinion of the board, successfully come up to expectation, but we are assured that the difficulties will be shortly overcome.

The report said that the police department needs re-organizing. It was recommended that the office of superintendent of police be abolished. A new system was recommended for the office of the tax collector. It was recommended that the city treasurer should not draw a commission from trust funds and that the keeper of the city cemetery should not draw fees. It was also recommended that all coal for use of the city be purchased during the month of April, and that an accountant be engaged to go over the books of all departments. The report further contained a list of extra appropriations needed by the various departments and recommended the passage of such appropriations, as follows:

Streets and Highways,	\$1,888.48
Police and Fire Department,	6,000.00
Fire Department,	500.00
Board of Health,	3,200.00
City Asylum,	500.00
Incidentals,	1,442.50
Books, Stationery and Printing,	1,035.68
Interest	257.10
	Total \$14,501.61

There was a long discussion regarding these appropriations and many inquiries were made as to specific items. It was explained that the items for the board of health included \$1000 for Professor Sedgwick for making an exhaustive examination into the city water supply. Mayor Clarke and Alderman Boyle explained the necessity for these extra appropriations, stating that the departments had been run economically and business-like. Dr. Brackett stated that the budget had been properly fixed last February and that there should not be a demand for more money. It was finally voted to refer the whole matter to the committee of twenty-five.

The matter of fixing the salaries for next year was then taken up. That of the mayor was placed at \$1200, the same as heretofore. When it came to the aldermen's salaries it was moved to make it \$500 but on a standing vote this was defeated, 37 to 107. It was then voted to make it \$900, as this year. A resolution appropriating \$6000 for King Park was referred to the committee of twenty-five as was also a resolution appropriating \$240 for the purchase of copies of the new city atlas. A resolution calling for inquiry into the advisability of purchasing a strip of land adjoining the city asylum was voted down. A number of petitions were received. The tax assessors reported a long list of taxes that they recommended be remitted and it was passed.

Resolutions were passed directing the board of aldermen to advertise for contracts for lighting, as recommended; authorizing the committee of ten to confer with insurance companies to secure a reduction of rates; forbidding the city treasurer and the keeper of the city cemetery from drawing fees; directing the board of aldermen to inquire into repairs to Coddington wharf. An ordinance was passed abolishing the office of superintendent of hacks.

Dr. Brackett and Mr. George Gordon King talked about the matter of unpaid taxes and a resolution was passed referring to the committee of twenty-five all unpaid taxes for two years. A resolution was passed authorizing the board of aldermen to invest the sinking fund in bonds approved by the bank commissioners of Massachusetts. A committee of ten was created to investigate the matter of salaries and file the report at least seven days before the January meeting, as follows: Robert Kerr, E. N. Lawton, Angus McLeod, Robert Frame, F. M. Hammatt, G. P. Lawton, C. H. Koehne, W. H. Clarke, P. H. O'Neill and Oscar Schultz.

A draft of a building law was introduced by Captain Cotton and referred to a committee of ten, as follows: J. M. Friend, E. J. Spencer, J. P. Cotton, F. S. Barker, C. E. Lawton, Joseph Haire, G. M. Kirwin, D. E. Doherty, M. P. Vaughan, D. A. Bowmen.

Captain Cotton also presented petitions asking for a sewerage system in the easterly part of the second ward, and the accompanying resolution directing the city engineer to draw plans was passed. Captain Cotton also gave notice of a proposed amendment to the rules, requiring all business to come before a council meeting to be presented to the city clerk at least seven days before a meeting and that the city clerk make up a calendar and send it to each member at least five days before the meeting.

A resolution was introduced by Dr. Barker, directing the city clerk to in-

sert in his warrant for the city election a proposition to appropriate \$50,000 for a new school house to replace the Edward-Fairwell schools and to let \$30,000 in bonds to pay therefor, the balance to come from school funds. It was decided to make the bonds serial bonds, one being matured each year, and the resolution was passed.

On motion of City Solicitor Burdick it was voted to instruct the board of aldermen to issue the \$50,000 of negotiable notes previously authorized. The board had referred the matter back to the council because par could not be obtained.

For overseer of the poor to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lewis L. Shattock there were two nominees, Edward S. Peckham and Dr. George D. Ramsay. The former was elected, receiving 89 votes to 48 for Dr. Ramsay.

The council then adjourned to the call of the chair.

The City Election.

Much interest is now centered in the coming city election that will occur on Tuesday, December 3. Just now the principal efforts of interested parties are directed toward getting the nominations made in legal form. It is no small job to secure the proper number of qualified signatures to the nomination papers—250 for mayor, 100 for board of aldermen and for school committee, and 30 for representative councilmen. Many of the candidates themselves and also their friends have been out canvassing the city industriously for signatures.

It looks now as if there would be but one candidate for the office of Mayor, the present incumbent, Hon. William P. Clarke. His nomination papers are on file at the city hall. Papers had been taken out and some signatures obtained to secure a nomination for Col. Herbert Bliss, but he has since withdrawn his name from the field. There are plenty of men in the city who would like to occupy the office but it is felt that Mayor Clarke is the strongest possible candidate and whoever might be nominated against him would be practically sure of defeat.

It had been persistently rumored that Alderman Boyle would enter the field again but apparently this is not so as his papers are out for re-election as alderman from the third ward. There will probably be at least two candidates for every aldermanic position and the school committee positions will probably have plenty of nominees. The former carries a salary of \$900, which makes it particularly attractive to the citizens. The Citizens' Municipal Association has taken out a number of papers in order to be sure of having sufficient candidates.

There is quite a number of candidates for aldermen in the various wards. In the first ward papers have been taken out for Hudson B. Kingman and Robert P. Hamilton; in the second William Shepley and Herbert A. Knoll; in the third for Robert C. Cottrell and Patrick J. Boyle; in the fourth for John T. Allen, John Gilpin, James B. Cottrell and Dennis Shanahan; and in the fifth for Benjamin M. Anthony, Oscar Schultz, J. Joseph M. Martin and Michael E. Kelly. Some of these have been completed and filed at the city clerk's office, but it is possible that some of the others may drop out before the papers are filed.

For representative council there was some delay in getting fairly started with nomination papers and even yet there is no very keen competition for these positions. Unless there is quite a marked increase in the number of candidates there will not be even enough nominees to fill the vacancies. There are several reasons for this, among them being the fact that many persons do not feel that the representative council is an entirely satisfactory organization.

Thursday, November 21, is the last day for filing nomination papers, for the city election.

Mayor Clarke and members of the board of health, including President Joseph Haire, Dr. Darrah, Dr. Ramsay, Dr. Clark, Robert Frame, and Joseph W. Sampson, have been on an inspection tour of filtration systems in neighboring cities this week. They partly inspected the water works at Springfield and at Lawrence in Massachusetts and returned much pleased with what they had seen. The water before filtration was in a foul and impure condition but after passing through the filtration beds was pronounced absolutely pure. It is probable that the Newport Water Works will be required to construct an adequate filtration plant at once. In view of the report of Professor Sedgwick regarding the Newport water supply the board of health is prepared to take radical steps if necessary to ensure an improvement.

Mr. Clarence A. Hammatt is very seriously ill at the Newport Hospital and is not expected to recover.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wiswell have returned from their vacation.

November Weddings.

Oreene-Turper.

Mrs. Sarah Pauline Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. S. Turner, formerly of this city, but now of Providence, and Mr. Chester Carr Greene were married at the home of the bride's parents in Providence Monday evening. The ceremony, which was witnessed only by relatives and a few intimate friends, was performed by Rev. James E. McConnell of the Union Congregational Church. The bride, who was untrained, was given away by her father. She looked very pretty in a dress of white satin descriptively made over white silk and lace trimmings. Her bouquet was of white chrysanthemums. Dr. Howard E. Blanchard performed the duties of best man and the ushers were Mr. Vernon Turner, brother of the bride, and Mr. Harold Warren. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful wedding gifts.

The bride is the grand-daughter of the late Dr. Henry E. Turner and the late Paul Elder of this city. The groom is the son of the late Caleb Greene and a graduate of Brown University in the class of 1905.

Mr. and Mrs. Greene left for the Berkshires, where they will spend their honeymoon, and on their return, will reside in Providence, the groom being in the employ of the Gorham Manufacturing Company.

Hazard-Higginson.

Mrs. Ethel Mae Higginson, daughter of Mrs. John Mathisou, of Providence, and Mr. Steazon Earl Hazard, formerly of this city, but now of Brookline, Mass., were married at the Church of the Transfiguration in Edgewood, R. I., Tuesday evening, Rev. Charles Deane, rector of the church, officiating. The bride wore a dress of white silk over white taffeta and a long full veil. Her bouquet, which was of shower effect, was of bridal roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Emma F. Higginson, a sister of the bride, was the maid of honor. She wore a dress of white silk over pink taffeta and carried a shower bouquet of pink carnations.

Mr. J. Gardiner Hazard, twin brother of the groom, of Boston, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Benjamin A. Potter, a cousin of the bride, of Providence; Mr. LeRoy T. Hazard, of this city, another brother of the groom; and Mr. W. Douglas Hazard, a cousin of the groom, of this city. A reception followed at the home of the bride on Indiana avenue, which was very largely attended, many of the guests coming from Newport, Boston, and other places to attend the ceremony. The gifts were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazard have gone to New York on their honeymoon and will reside in Brookline, Mass., being at home to their friends after January 1st.

James-Cremin.

The wedding of Miss Susan Genevieve Cremin, daughter of Mr. John Cremin, and Mr. William Alexander James of New York, took place at St. Mary's church Thursday morning, when the church was filled with relatives and friends of the young couple. Rev. William B. Meenan and Rev. M. F. Reddy officiated. The bride wore a dress of imported white lace over white satin, in train, and a long full veil, caught up with orange blossoms. Her bouquet, which was of shower effect, was of Bridal roses. She wore a pearl pendant, the gift of the groom. Miss Martha T. Rooney was the bridesmaid. She wore a dress of pale blue chiffon over blue taffeta with trimmings of pink, and a large picture hat and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. David L. Cahill of Des Moines, Iowa, and the ushers were Messrs. Lawrence P. Sullivan, Thomas J. Nolan, John J. Sullivan and Jeremiah A. Sullivan. Professor Commetto, organist of the church, presided and furnished the customary wedding marches. Mrs. Catherine Giff Burkinshaw sang "O Salutaris" and Mr. Leonard Jeter rendered two cello selections.

A wedding breakfast and reception followed at the home of the bride on Franklin street, where the many friends of the young people gathered to offer their congratulations. Mr. F. H. Wiswell of the New Perry House was the caterer. The wedding gifts, which were numerous and beautiful, were shown.

Mr. and Mrs. James left later in the day on their wedding trip and their friends were on hand to goodby numbers to see them off.

Shea-Moran.

Miss Catherine M. Shea and Mr. James J. Moran were married at St. Joseph's Church Tuesday morning by Rev. James Mahon. The bride wore a dress of cream colored crepe de chine over white silk and trimmings of Irish lace and a picture hat to match. Miss Julia Matley was the bridesmaid, wearing a dress of champagne colored silk.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Chamberlain Gilphi, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilphi, and Mr. Thomas Edward Hunt, of Woonsocket, will take place at the home of the bride's parents on John street Saturday, December 7th. It will be a very quiet affair and will be witnessed only by relatives and a few intimate friends.

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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(CONTINUED.)

He entered the door without knocking to find the girl removing her coat. Her face gladdened at sight of him, but he checked her with quick and cautions words; his speech almost drowned by roar outside.

"Are you alone?" She nodded, and he slipped the bolt behind him, saying:

"The marshals are after me. We just had a run in' at the Northern, and I'm on the go. No—noting serious yet, but they want the vigilantes, and I must get them word: Will you help me?" He rapidly recounted the row of the last ten minutes, while she nodded her quick understanding.

"You're safe here for a little while," she told him, "for the storm will check them. If they should come, there's a back door leading out from the kitchen and a side entrance round. In my room you'll find a Peep hole window. They can't corner you very well."

"Slapjack and Dex are out at the saloon—you know—that quartz claim on the mountain above the Mids." He hesitated. "Will you lend me your saddle horse? It's a black gelding, and I may kill him."

"What about these men in town?"

"I'll warn them first, then hit for the hills."

She shook her head. "You can't do it. You can't get out there before day-light if you wait to rouse these people, and McNamara has probably telephoned the mines to send a party up to the quartz claim after Dex. He knows where we are as well as you do, and they'll nail him before dawn."

"I'm afraid so, but it's all I can offer. Will you give me the horse?"

"No! He's only a pony, and you'd founder him in the tundra. The mud is knee deep. I'll go myself."

"Good heavens, girl, in such a night! Why, it's worth your life! Listen to me! The creeks will be up and you'll have to swim. No, I can't let you."

"He's a good little horse, and he'll take me through." Then coming close she continued: "Oh, boy! Can't you see that I want to help? Can't you see that I'd die for you if it would do any good?" He gazed gravely into her white blue eyes and said awkwardly: "Yes, I know. I'm sorry things are as they are—but you wouldn't have me lie to you, little woman!"

"No. You're the only true man I ever knew. I guess that's why I love you. And I do love you, oh, so much! I want to be good and worthy to love you too."

She laid her face against his arm and caressed him with clinging tenderness, while the wind yelled loudly about the eaves and the windows drummed beneath the rain. His heavy brows knit themselves together as she whispered:

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" with such an agony of longing in her voice that her soft accents were sharply distinguishable above the tumult. The growing wildness seemed a part of the woman's passion, which whipped and harried her like a willow in a blast.

"Things are fearfully jumbled," he said finally. "And this is a bad time to talk about them. I wish they might be different. No other girl would do what you have offered tonight."

"Then why do you think of that woman?" she broke in fiercely. "Sue's bad and false. She betrayed you once; she's in the play now; you've told me so yourself. Why don't you be a man and forget her?"

"I can't," he said simply. "You're wrong, though, when you think she's bad. I found tonight that she's good and brave and honest. The part she played was played innocently, I'm sure of that, in spite of the fact that she'll marry McNamara. It was she who heard them plotting and risked her reputation to warn me."

Cherry's face whitened, while the shadowy eagerness that had rested there died utterly. "She came into that dive alone? She did that?" He nodded, at which she stood thinking for some time, then concluded: "You're honest with me, Roy, and I'll be the same with you. I'm tired of being tired of everything. I tried to make you think she was bad, but in my own heart I knew differently all the time. She came here today and humbled herself to get the truth, humbled herself to me, and I sent her away. She suspected, but she didn't know, and when she asked for information I insulted her. That's the kind of a creature I am. I sent her back to Struve, who offered to tell her the whole story."

"What does that renegade want?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Why, I'd rather—" The young man ground his teeth, but Cherry hastened:

"You needn't worry; she won't see me again. She leaves the ground he walks on."

"And yet he's no worse than other scoundrels. Come, girl, we have work to do; we must act, and act quickly." He gave her his message to Dextry, then she went to her room and slipped into a riding habit. When she came out he asked: "Where is your riding coat? You'll be drenched to no skin."

"I can't ride with it. I'll be thrown, anyway, and I don't want to be all bound up. Water won't hurt me."

She thrust her tiny revolver into her dress, but he took it and upon examination shook his head.

"If you need a gun you'll need a good one." He removed the belt from his own waist and buckled his Colt's about her.

"But you?" she objected.

"I'll get another in ten minutes."

Then as they were leaving, he said: "One other request, Cherry. I'll be in hiding for a time, and I must get word to Miss Chester to keep watch of her uncle, for the big fight is on at last and the boys will hang him sure if they catch him. I owe her this last

warning. Will you keep it to her?" "I'll do it for your sake, not for her, no, no; I don't mean that. I'll do the right thing all round. Leave it here, and I'll see that she gets it tomorrow. And, Roy, be careful of yourself." Her eyes were stony and in their depths lurked neither selfishness nor jealousy now, only that mysterious glory of a woman who makes sacrifice.

Together they scurried back to the stable, and yet, in that short distance, she would have been swept from her feet had he not seized her. They blew in through the barn door, streaming and soaked by the blinding sheets that drove scythelike ahead of the wind. He struck a light, and the pony whinnied at recognition of his master. She stroked the little fellow's muzzle while Glenister clinched on her saddle. Then when she was at last mounted, she leaned forward:

"Will you kiss me once, Roy, for the last time?"

He took her rain wet face between his hands and kissed her upon the lips as he would have saluted a little maid. As he did so, unseen by both of them, a face was pressed for an instant against the pane of glass in the stable wall.

"You're a brave girl and may God bless you," he said, extinguishing the light. He hung the door wide and she rode out into the storm. Locking the portal, he plunged back toward the house to write his hurried note, for there was much to do and seat that for its accomplishment, despite the helping hand of the hurricane. He heard the roar of Berlin as it thundered on the golden sands, and knew that the first great storm of the fall had come. Henceforth he saw that the violence of men would rival the rising elements, for the deeds of this night would stir their passions as Aeolus was rousing the hate of the sea.

He neglected to bolt the house door as he entered, but flung off his dripping coat and, seizing pad and pencil, scrawled his message. The wind screamed about the cabin, the lamp flared smokily and Glenister felt a draft suck past him as though from an open door at his back as he wrote:

I can't do anything more. The end has come, and it has brought the hatred and bloodshed that I have been trying to prevent. I played the game according to your rules, but they forced me back to my principles. In spite of myself, and now, I don't know what the finish will be. Tomorrow will tell. Take care of your uncle, and if you should wish to communicate with me, go to Cherry Malotte. She is a friend to both of us. Always your servant,

ROY GLENISTER.

As he sealed this he paused, while he felt the hair on his neck rise and bristle and a chill race up his spine. His heart fluttered, then pounded onward till the blood thumped audibly at his ear drums and he found himself swaying in rhythm to its beat. The muscles of his back cringed and rippled at the proximity of some hovering peril, and yet an irresistible feeling forbade him to turn. A sound came from close behind him—the drip, drip, drip of water. It was not from the eaves, nor yet from a faulty shingle. His back was to the kitchen door; through which he had come, and, although there were no mirrors before him, he felt a menacing presence as surely as though it had touched him. His ears were tuned to the finest pin pricks of sound, so that he heard the faint, sighing "squeak" of a sudden shoe upon which a weight had shifted. Still something chained him to his seat. It was as though his soul laid a restraining hand upon his body, waiting for the instant.

He let his hand seek his hip carelessly, but remembered where his gun was. Mechanically he addressed the note in shaking characters, while behind him sounded the constant drip, drip, drip that he knew came from saturated garments. For a long moment he sat, till he heard the stealthy click of a gunlock muffled by finger pressure. Then he set his face and slowly turned to find the Bronco Kid standing behind him as though risen from the sea, his light clothes wet and clinging, his feet centered in a spreading puddle. The dim light showed the convulsive fury of his features above the leveled weapon, whose hammer was curled back like the head of a striking adder, his eyes gleaming with frenzy. Glenister's mouth was powder dry, but his mind was leaping riotously like dust before a gale, for he divined himself to be in the deadliest peril of his life. When he spoke the calmness of his voice surprised himself.

"What's the matter, Bronco?" The Kid made no reply, and Roy repeated, "What do you want?"

"That's a hell of a question," the gambler said hoarsely. "I want you, of course, and I've got you."

"Hold up! I am unarmed. This is your third try, and I want to know what's back of it."

"Damn the ink!" cried the faro dealer, moving closer till the light shone on his features, which commenced to twitch. He raised the revolver he had half lowered. "There's reason enough, and you know it."

Glenister looked him fairly between the eyes, gripping himself with firm hands to stop the tremor he felt in his bones. "You can't kill me," he said. "I am too good a man to murder. You might shoot a crook, but you can't kill me."

"And yet he's no worse than other scoundrels. Come, girl, we have work to do; we must act, and act quickly." He gave her his message to Dextry, then she went to her room and slipped into a riding habit. When she came out he asked: "Where is your riding coat? You'll be drenched to no skin."

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"I'll get another in ten minutes."

Then as they were leaving, he said: "One other request, Cherry. I'll be in hiding for a time, and I must get word to Miss Chester to keep watch of her uncle, for the big fight is on at last and the boys will hang him sure if they catch him. I owe her this last

warning. Will you keep it to her?" "I'll do it for your sake, not for her, no, no; I don't mean that. I'll do the right thing all round. Leave it here, and I'll see that she gets it tomorrow. And, Roy, be careful of yourself."

The gambler grimaced. "I can't do it. If I could, I'd have shot you before you turned. But you'll have to fight, you dog. Get up and draw."

Roy refused. "I gave Cherry my gun."

"Yes, and more, too," the man retorted. "I saw it all."

Even yet Glenister had made no slightest move, realizing that a feather's weight might snap the gambler's nervous tension and bring the involuntary twitch that would put him on swifter than a whip is cracked.

"I have tried it before, but murder isn't my game." The Kid's eye caught the glint of Cherry's revolver where she had discarded it. "There's a gun."

"It's no good. You'd carry the six bullets and never feel them. I don't know what this is all about, but I'll fight you whenever I'm about, right?"

"Oh, you black hearted hound!" snarled the Kid. "I want to shoot, but I'm afraid. I used to be a gentleman, and I haven't lost it all, I guess. But I won't wait the next time. I'll down you on sight, so you'd better get ironed in a hurry." He backed out of the room into the semidarkness of the kitchen, watching with lynxlike keenness the man who sat so quietly under the shaded light. He felt he had him for the outer doorknob and, turned it to let in a white sheet of rain, then vanished like a storm-wraith, leaving a parched lipped man and a zigzag trail of water, which glistened in the lamplight like a pool of blood.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GLENISTER did not wait long after his visitor's departure, but extinguished the light, locked the door and began the further adventures of this night. The storm welcomed him with suffocating violence, sucking the very breath from his lips, while the rain beat through his flesh was cold and aching. He thought with a pang of the girl facing this tempest, going out to meet the thousand perils of the night. And it remained for him to bear his part as she bore hers, smiling.

The last hour had added another and mysterious danger to his full measure. Could the Kid be jealous of Cherry? Surely not. Then what else? The tornado had driven his trailers to cover, evidently, for the streets were given over to its violence, and Roy encountered no hostile sign as he was buffeted from house to house. He ventured cautiously and yet with haste, finding certain homes where the marshals had been before him, peopled now only by frightened wives and children. A scattered few of the vigilantes had been taken thus, while the warning elements had prevented their families from spreading the alarm or venturing out for succor. Those whom he was able to warn dressed hurriedly, took their rifles and went out into the drifting night, leaving empty cabins and weeping women. The great fight was on.

Toward daylight the remnants of the vigilantes struggled into the big blank warehouse on the sandspit and there beneath the smoking glare of lanterns cursed the name of McNamara.

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"It's clearing up to the east," Slapjack chattered. "D'you know I'm gettin' so rheumatic that ice water don't feel comfortable to me no more."

"Urinate cold in the blood," said Dextry.

"What's our next move?" he asked of his partner. "When do we hang this politico? Seems like we've got enough ablebodied piano movers here to tie a can on to the whole outfit, push the town site of Nome off the map and start afresh."

"There's a game girl," said the old timer as he wrung out his clothes. "She was half gone when she got to us, and now she's waiting for the storm to break so that she can come back."

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CAN SLEEP ALL NIGHT NOW.**WHAT A BLESSING TO BE ABLE TO.**

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Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic factories. At 15 per cent less than our regular prices. This is done in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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ON and after Oct. 6, 1907, trains will leave

NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00 p. m.; Return 6:55, 8:00, 10:00 a. m., 12:00, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN, 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m.

NEW YORK, 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m.

PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m.

BOSTON, 7:00, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m.; Return 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 10:30 a. m., 12:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30 p. m.

PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 7:00, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m.

BOSTON, 7:00, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m.

BRADFORD and COREY'S JANE, 7:00, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m.

MIDDLETON, Portsmouth, Bristol, Perryton, Tiverton, Fall River, New Bedford, Dighton, North Attleboro, Westerly and Taunton, 7:00, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m.

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Castorina, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Dont's For Stout Women.

Don't wear checks, large plaid or polka dots.

Don't expect to look slim in white or light colored gowns.

Don't wear frills.

Don't wear short skirts.

Don't expect to look comfortable in light shoes.

Don't imagine that you can wear high, close collars and have a good complexion.

CASTORIA.

The Kid You Have Always Bought.

Castorina, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Castorina, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

THE SPOILERS

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

creaming that McNamara had more cleverly hidden plans behind. When Cherry's note of warning came they gathered in the back room and gave voice to their opinions.

"There's only one way to clear the atmosphere," said the chairman.

"You bet," chorused the others. "They've garrisoned the miles, so let's go through the town and make a clean job of it. Let's hang the whole outfit in one post."

This met with general approval, Glenister alone demurring. Said he: "I have reason to fear differently, and I want you to bear me through before deciding. Last night I got word from Wheaton that the California comets are against us. He attributes it to influence, but whatever the reason, we are cut off from all legal help either in this court or on appeal. Now, suppose we Lynch these officials tonight, what do we gain? Marital law in two hours, our names tied up for another year, and who knows what else? May be a corrupt court next season. Suppose, on the other hand, we fall, and somehow I feel that we will, for that loss is no fool. What then? Those of us who don't find the morgue will end in jail. You say we can't meet the soldiers. I say we can and must. We must carry this row to them. We must jump it past the courts of Alaska, past the courts of California, and up to the White House, where there's one honest man at least. We must do something to wake up the men in Washington. We must get out of politics, for McNamara can beat us there. Although he's a strong man he can't corrupt the president. We have one shot left, and it must reach the Potomac. When Uncle Sam takes a hand, we'll get a square deal, so I say let us strike at the Midas tonight and take her if we can. Some of us will go down, but what of it?"

Following this harangue, he outlined a plan which in its unique daring took away their breaths, and as he filled in detail after detail they brightened with excitement and that love of the long chance which makes gamblers of those who thread the silent valleys or tread the edge of things. His boldness stirred them and enthusiasm did the rest.

"All I want for myself," he said, "is the chance to run the big risk. It's mine by right."

Dextry spoke breathlessly to Slapjack in the pause which ensued:

"Ain't he a hellion?"

"We'll go you," the miners chimed to a man. And the chairman added: "Let's have Glenister lead this forlorn hope. I am willing to stand or fall on his judgment." They acquiesced without a dissenting voice, and with the firm hands of a natural leader the young man took control.

"Let's hurry up," said one. "It's a long 'mash' and the mud is knee deep."

"No walking for us," said Roy. "We'll go by train."

"By train?" How can we get a train?"

"Ston it," he answered, at which Dextry grinned delightedly at his loose-jointed companion, and Slapjack showed his toothless gums in answer, saying:

"He sure is."

A few more words and Glenister, accompanied by these two, slipped out into the whirling storm, and a half hour later the rest followed. One by one the vigilantes left, the blackness blotting them up an arm's length from the door, till at last the big, bleak warehouse echoed hollowly to the voice of the wind and water.

Over in the eastern end of the town, behind dark windows upon which the sheeted rain beat furiously, other armed men lay patiently waiting—waiting some word from the bulky shadow which stood with folded arms close against a square of gray, while over their heads a wretched old man paced back and forth, wringing his hands; pausing at every turn to peer out into the night and to murmur the name of his sister's child.

CHAPTER XIX.

EARLY in the evening Cherry Mattole opened her door to find the Bronco Kid on her step. He entered and threw off his rubber coat. Knowing him well, she waited for his disclosure of his errand. His sallow skin was without a trace of color, his eyes were strangely tired, deep lines had gathered about his lips, while his hands kept up constant little nervous explorations as though for days and nights he had not slept and now hovered on the verge of some hysteria. He gave her the impression of a smoldering mine with the fire eating close up to the powder. She judged that his body had been racked by every passion till now it hung jaded and weary, yielding only to the spur of his restless, revengeful spirit.

After a few objectless remarks he began abruptly:

"Do you love Roy Glenister?" His voice, like his manner, was feebly eager, and he watched her carefully as she replied without quibble or deceit:

"Yes, Kid, and I always shall. He is the only man I have ever known, and I'm not ashamed of my feelings."

For a long time he studied her and then broke into rapid speech, allowing her no time for interruption.

"I've held back and held back because I'm no talker. I can't be in my business. But this is my last chance, and I want to put myself right with you. I've loved you ever since the Dawson days, not in the way you'd expect from a man of my sort perhaps, but with the kind of love that a woman wants. I never showed my hand, for what was the use? That man out-him me. I'd have quit four years back only I wouldn't leave this country as long as you were part of it, and in here I'm only a gambler, fit for nothing else. I'd have up my mind to let you have him till something happened a couple of months ago, but now it can't go through. I'll have to down him. It isn't concerning you. I'm not a welcher. No, it's a thing I can't talk about—a thing that's made me into a wolf, made me skunk and walk the alleys like a dog. It's put murder into my heart. I've tried to assassinate him. I tried it here last night—but I was a gentleman once—till the

carried him. He knows the answer now, though, and he's ready for me, so one of us will go out like a candle when we meet. I felt that I had to tell you before I cut him down or before he got me."

"You're talking like a madman, Kid," she replied, "and you mustn't turn against him now. He has troubles enough. I never knew you cared for me. What a tangle it is, to be sure. You love me, I love him, he loves that girl, and she loves a crook. Isn't that tragedy enough without your adding to it? You come at a bad time, too, for I'm half insane. There's something dreadful in the air tonight!"

"I'll have to kill him," the man intoned doggedly, and, plead or reason as she would, she could get nothing from him except those words till at last she turned upon him fiercely.

"You say you love me. Very well, let's see if you do. I know the kind of a man you are, and I know what this mean. What do we gain? Marital law in two hours, our names tied up for another year, and who knows what else? May be a corrupt court next season. Suppose, on the other hand, we fall, and somehow I feel that we will, for that loss is no fool. What then? Those of us who don't find the morgue will end in jail. You say we can't meet the soldiers. I say we can and must. We must carry this row to them. We must jump it past the courts of Alaska, past the courts of California, and up to the White House, where there's one honest man at least. We must do something to wake up the men in Washington. We must get out of politics, for McNamara can beat us there. Although he's a strong man he can't corrupt the president. We have one shot left, and it must reach the Potomac. When Uncle Sam takes a hand, we'll get a square deal, so I say let us strike at the Midas tonight and take her if we can. Some of us will go down, but what of it?"

"I don't want to be your kind. I want to be his kind."

across the quaking boulders to the mountains and the mines. Upon this slender trail of steel there rolled one small, ungainly teapot of an engine which dashed crack and clanked back and forth at a snail's pace, screaming and wallowing its complaint of the two high loaded flatcars behind. The ties beneath it were spiked to planks laid lengthwise over the semi-liquid roadbed, in places sagging beneath the surface till the humpbacked, short waisted locomotive yawned and reeled and squealed like a drunken fishwife. At night it panted weakly into the board station and there sighed and couched and hissed away its fatigue as the coals died and the breath relaxed in its lungs.

Early to bed and early to rise was the motto of its grimy crew, who lived near by. Tonight they were just retiring when stayed by a summons at their door. The engineer opened it to admit what appeared to his astonished eyes to be a Krupp cannon propelled by a man in yellow oil clothes and white cotton mask. This weapon assumed the proportions of a great one-eyed monster, which stared with baleful fixity at his vitals, giving him a cold and empty feeling. Away back beyond this Cyclops of the Slaughterhouse were two other strangers likewise equipped.

The frenzied arose from his chair, dropping an empty shoe with a thump; but, being of the west, without evil or waste of wind he stretched his hands above his head, balancing on one foot to keep his unshod member from the damp floor. He had unbuckled his belt, and now, loosened by the movement, his overalls seemed bent on sinking floorward in an ecstasy of abasement at the intrusion, whereupon with convulsive grip he hugged them to their duty, one hand and foot still elevated as though in the grand ballroom sign of some secret order. The other man was new to the ways of the north, so backed to the limit of his quarters, held both hands protectively upon his middle and doubled up, remarking ferociously:

"Don't point that damned thing at my stomach."

"Huh, ha!" laughed the fireman, with unnatural loudness. "Have your joke, boys."

"This ain't no joke," said the foremost figure, its breath bellying out the mask at its mouth.

"Sure it is," insisted the shoeshop one.

"Must he. We ain't got anything worth stealing."

"Get into your clothes and come along. We won't hurt you."

The two obeyed and were taken to the sleeping engine and there instructed to produce a full head of steam in thirty minutes or suffer premature taking off and a prompt collision from the realms of applied mechanics. As stimulus to their efforts two of the men stood over them till the engine began to sob and sigh reluctantly. Through the gloom that enshrouded the cab they saw other dim forms materializing and climbing silently on to the ears behind. Then, as the steam gauge touched the mark, the word was given, and the train crawled out from its shelter, its shrill plaint at curb and crossing whipped away and devoured in the storm.

Slapjack remained in the cab, gun in hand, while Dextry climbed back to Glenister. He found the young man in good spirits, despite the discomfort of his exposed position, and striving to light his pipe behind the shelter of his coat.

"Is the dynamite aboard?" the old man quizzed.

"Sure. Enough to ballast a battleship."

As the train crept out of the camp and across the river bridge, its only light or glimmer the sparks that were scattered and harried by the blast, the partners seated themselves on the powder cases and conversed guardedly,

Established by Franklin in 1744.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181.
House Telephone 1430.**Saturday, November 16, 1907.**

Bryan says he is willing. If the Democratic party wants him he will be only too happy to serve.

The mills in this State are feeling the hard times. The Woolen Mills at Pascoag have shut down, temporarily and more, it is said, are to follow.

The Maine potato crop is claimed to be a failure this year. As most of the potatoes for New England come from Aroostook county it looks as though people would have to pay a big price for what they eat.

Jacobins predicts that Taft will be the next President and that Roosevelt and Root will be the next Senators from the State of New York. There is reason to fear that Jacob's preferences outweigh his judgment.

Mr. Wanamaker is convinced that more than \$1,000,000,000 is hoarded in ten-cent pieces and hidden under carpets. How it happened that so much money escaped him is a thing he doesn't attempt to explain.

Among the comforting thoughts that occur to the Hartford Courant is the cheerful reflection that "we shall not have William Randolph Hearst fatiguing the wretched with clamors for a recoup of this year's ballots."

Gov. Higgins has issued his Thanksgiving proclamation designating the national Thanksgiving day Thursday, November 28, as a day of public Thanksgiving and recommends to the people of the State that the day be observed as such.

All predictions point to high priced Thanksgiving turkeys. The Vermont bird is said to be likely to soar to near 40 cents a pound. There is one thing however to be thankful for on the coming Thanksgiving day and that is that there is no law to compel the purchase of the Thanksgiving turkey.

Senator-to-be Owen of Oklahoma is said to be a full-blooded Cherokee. Senator Curtis of Kansas is also an Indian. Now Carlisle has defeated Harvard on the bloody sands and, taking it all around, the red man seems to be coming to his own. All except the Utes. They are still sulky and intractable.

In making up the slate for the next Presidential election it will be well to keep an eye on the Secretary of the Treasury. He has made many points lately and it will not be at all surprising to see him come to the front at any day as a full fledged candidate. The country might go further and fare worse.

Political Play.

Wednesday afternoon, just before the State Returning Board, which is counting the ballot cast at the late election, had completed its work for the day, a representative of the Democratic party asked, on behalf of Governor Higgins and Candidate Sisson, that three Democratic watchers be appointed to watch the vault containing the ballot during the absence of the board from the room. The request caused considerable discussion, and a final answer was not given.

This request, whether it originated with Governor Higgins and Candidate Sisson, or with some less prominent party, is an insult to the members of the board, and is plainly done for purely political effect. It is no insult in that it implies that three outsiders, be they Democrats or Republicans, would use greater care to preserve the ballot than the men who have been sworn to do that very thing; and it is for political effect in that nobody who has been with the board as watcher or otherwise has questioned the accuracy of the count or the safety of the ballot. Regarding both as insult and a political play, the request might well be ignored.

But would that be the wise course? It is not a question of abstract right, but one of practical politics. Under these circumstances the board can well grant the request, with the addition of men to watch the watchers, either deputy sheriffs or other officers. To request that three Democrats be permitted to watch the vault "to protect the ballots" is a little absurd, when the stuffing of the caucus ballot boxes in Providence and Pawtucket are called to mind as examples of that party's regard for the sanctity of the ballot.—Westerly Sun.

The Official Count.

The State returning board finished the count for Newport on Wednesday. Their figures gave Sanborn for Senator 2216 votes and Quilton 1838, majority for Sanborn, 578. Hassard had 2220, and Hazard 1601. Hassard's majority, 619. Burlingame had 2157; Murphy 1744, Burlingame's majority, 413. Franklin scored 2237 votes and Scott 1697. Franklin's lead was 540. Burdick for four representatives had 2223, and Mumford 1605. Burdick led his opponent by 623. The votes on the Republican ticket ran surprisingly near together. The returning board on that day declared Brown elected in Middletown by 22 majority and Peckham by 19. In Little Compton Whitmore had 145 plurality and Burdick 143. In New Shoreham, Littlefield

had 148, and Lewis 160. In these two towns there was no opposing ticket. In Narragansett, Brumley, the Democratic candidate for representative, won by one majority, while Northup, the Republican candidate for Senator, had 22 votes to spare.

The only change thus far made in the official count is in the town of Lincoln where the Republican candidate for Representative beat his opponent by one majority. At the request of the Democratic watchmen, a third count was made but with no change in the result.

It will probably take all of next week to reach the bottom figures. As far as the count has gone there has been sufficient gain for the Republican candidate for Lieutenant and Governor to put him in the lead and indicate that he will ultimately be found to have cleared. If no further change is made by the official figures, the Republicans will have 28 in the Senate, the Democrats 10. In the House the Republicans have 46 to 27 for the Democrats, making majorities in each body sufficiently large for all practical purposes. In joint Assembly the Republicans will have 73 votes and the Democrats 37. There will probably be no difficulty in electing Senator Wetmore on the first ballot.

Great Depression.

That the business world is feeling the hard times very acutely is manifest from the wholesale shutting down of business establishments and the discharge of labor. The New York World has made a canvass of many of the large business and manufacturing centers with the following results:

Chicago—90 per cent. of the factories and workshops have reduced forces and overtime hours. At eight moderate-sized plants 965 men have been laid off; 40 per cent. of the building trade workers are idle and 20 per cent. of the woodworkers; machine shops are about time and more moulderers are idle than ever before at this season.

Pittsburgh—Manufactures in radius of 50 miles, 48,000 men idle; railroads, 2000.

Reading—Manufactories, 1200 idle; Reading Railroad, 400, and shops on reduced time.

Cornwall—Five blast furnaces closed here and at Leekstone; 1000 men out.

Newark—Manufactories, 700 men laid off; 180 jewelry manufacturers, employing 6000, 50 leather plants, the hat and electrical works on reduced time.

York—Manufactories, 200; nearly all industries on reduced time.

Altoona—Pennsylvania Railroad takes on 50 additional men; oil plant and iron works full forces.

Wilkes-Barre—Railroads, 1000 idle; manufacturers, full forces, full time.

Worcester—American Steel & Wire Co. has laid off 250 men; Westlow Skate Co., 150; Whitecomb & Blaisdell Tool Co., 60 men; and Prentiss Bros. Co., Coes Wrench Co. and Worcester Machine Screw Co. have gone on reduced time.

Hudson—Knott & Pope and Lapointe machine tool companies are running on reduced time.

Johnstown, Pa.—3000 men have been laid off here in the rolling mills, blast and open-hearth furnaces.

Parryville, Mass.—225 people have been thrown out of employment by closing of Perry's Woolen Mills.

Canton, Ill.—One of the largest farm machinery plants practically closed; also all distilleries, formerly employing 1000; railroads reducing construction forces.

Indianapolis—Reduction in forces of all large manufactures and several hundred dismissed; no railroad reductions.

Wheeling—Manufactories, 3500; several plants suspended; coal mines may close for lack of currency; railroads full forces.

Youngstown—Railroads, 1000 to 1100; Steel Trust stops construction on new plants; several big iron and tin mills half time.

St. Paul—Twenty-one saw mills in northern Wisconsin close, throwing out 6000 men; mines in iron range will lay off for the winter 4000 miners; Great Northern discharges 50 civil engineers here, and reduces construction work.

Wilmington, Del.—Mills and factories, 4000; Harlan & Hollingsworth Corporation discharges 1500 of its 2200 workmen, reducing its payroll from \$23,000 to \$7,000.

Schenectady—General Electric Company dismisses 178 men; no other concern reducing.

Birmingham—Mills and coke ovens, 500 to 600; merchants, 200 to 300; railroads, 1500; 1000 more furnace men to go Friday.

Waterbury—Railroads, 2000; manufacturers, 200; American Brass company, fewer hours.

Lynn—General Electric Co., 4000; 2500 shop operators cut or on half-time.

Worcester—Manufactories, 750; general reduction working hours, with promises of complete shut-down. Depression worst in ten years.

Brockton—Slight reduction of time in shoe factories; no discharges.

Fall River—New Haven Road increases its force; no curtailment by manufacturers.

Lowell, Mass.—Fifty men have been laid off at the Helene Electric Co.

South Manchester, Conn.—The Case & Marshall Paper Mill has gone on half-time schedule.

John Welch, State Senator for Johnston last year, died suddenly at his home in that town Thursday evening of acute indigestion. Mr. Welch has represented his town in both branches of the General Assembly and was last session a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. Mr. Welch was born in Manchester, England, but came to this country with his parents when he was but two years old.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Mrs. Harriet L. Stevens, of Jamestown, her former Newport residence at end of Westgate Court, off Town street, with 7,885 square feet of land, to Charles G. Muenchinger of Newport.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Mrs. Isabella Hubbard Burch, of Utica, N. Y., the "Fern Cottage," situated on the west side of Broadway, No. 288, with stable and 10,184 square feet of land, to Mrs. Alice Isabel Carr of Newport.

Malbone Lodge, No. 98, N. E. O. P., will hold its second in a series of whistles next Thursday evening.

Postmaster, and Mrs. A. O. Landers and their daughter, Mrs. O. L. Sypher, are visiting in New York.

Mrs. Woodbury Kane has closed her Newport season and gone to New York for the winter.

Colonel Addison Thomas is recovering from his recent illness.

True Doctrine.

President Mellon is a man who does not mince matters. He speaks right out in meeting. In an able and timely address before the National Grange at Hartford on Wednesday he told some unpalatable truths, but truths nevertheless that it will do many people good to read. Among other things he said: The losses in value, credit, fortune in this country since the beginning of this year have been greater than occurred as a result of the Civil War. Many are in distress who thought themselves but a short distance with a competency. Those who still have a competency are in distress, through lack of credit to obtain money to carry on work so necessary, at such a time, to give employment to those who must otherwise feel the pinch of hunger.

Continuing he told his hearers: "This is not a rich man's panic. It is a widespread distress rapidly extending itself to the farthest sections in the country; and it will levy its tax in such a way no man, woman or child shall fail to bear his portion of the burden. On some it will press unduly and only those who have nothing to lose can view the situation with equanimity. Even those who did not know the gun was loaded, whose only thought was cessation and popularity, are becoming sobered by the outlook, and at the foot of the toboggan down which we are gliding is a bump, and an examination of the wreckage which it may cause may teach us wherein lies the responsibility regarding which at the present time, so many of us are in doubt.

"Because there has been a skunk under a bar, that is a trouble to the community, is no reason for the destruction or upsetting of all the bars in the village." "It is not right to damage and harass with suspicion whole country because a few have gone wrong and you are entitled to be treated as above suspicion unless, indeed, under the dispensation recently so popular, the capacity to harbor a nuisance or commit a crime is warrant for investigation. There has been too much wrangling—too much talking—too little knowledge—too much assertion. There has been abnormal activity bunting trouble which will now be fully employed in placing responsibility."

The civil employees of the electrical department at the Training Station have been laid off and their places have been filled by enlisted men. The fund from which their salaries were drawn has been used for other purposes and until Congress makes an appropriation for this work there can be no outside assistance employed. Some of the men had given up permanent positions to take employment there and they feel the loss as quite a hardship.

Lawyer Peckham says that Real Estates sales are not affected by Wall Street apparently. Westfield Park, which was sold to the Erie Realty Co., has been sold again recently to C. W. Kjeldgaard at an advance of \$10,000. The lot which was sold to the Central Real Estate Agency for \$250 was sold again last week for \$700, an advance of nearly 100 per cent. per week. Apparently, the Peckham sales are low enough to allow a purchaser a profit.

The Independent Ice Company is pushing work as rapidly as possible on their new cold storage and ice manufacturing plant. If the weather holds good the foundation will be completed in about three weeks. One boiler of seven tons has already been received and will soon be placed in position. The new plant will have a capacity of about 15 tons of ice a day and will have the most modern machinery.

Mr. B. O. Andrews has accepted the call to the secretaryship of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., which was recently extended to him and will enter on his new field of work about the middle of December. He is no stranger to New Englanders, having frequently addressed both branches of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city.

Mr. W. H. Chapin has begun his duties as acting general secretary to the Newport Young Men's Christian Association in place of General Secretary Dadaun, who recently resigned. Mr. Chapin comes from New York and has had much experience in Y. M. C. A. work.

Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt, son of William K. Vanderbilt, is ill with typhoid fever in the hospital of Harvard College where he is a student. His case is not regarded as dangerous.

The O'Gorman Company of Providence, R. I., one of the four largest stores of the city, has gone into receivership, due, in part, to the suspension of the Union Trust Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont, who have recently returned from an extended trip abroad, are at the St. Regis Hotel in New York.

Mr. George C. Kaull has been elected junior of Old Fellows Hall to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. John Pitman.

Officer and Mrs. Denman celebrated the forty-third anniversary of their marriage in a quiet way on Sunday.

Mr. William D. Tew, who has been confined to his home on Congdon avenue by illness, is much improved.

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Washington Matters.

President Roosevelt claims to be satisfied with the recent elections—Federal Appointments in Oklahoma—The Complaints against the Steamship Lines—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 15, 1907.

President Roosevelt issued a statement on Thursday designed to show that as a general proposition the verdict rendered at the polls in the various States could not be construed as reflecting adversely upon the popularity of his administration. It has been claimed, in some quarters, that the stamp in the Republican majority in New Jersey, where the Republican gubernatorial nominee pulled through by 7,200, could be attributed to the unpopularity of the President's policies, and that the same argument could be advanced with respect to Rhode Island and Maryland, while the victory of Tammany over the fusion forces in New York City could be directly chargeable to the same cause. The President took exception to these contentions, which he considers are wholly erroneous and gave out a statement which may be summed up in his closing sentence. "As a whole, the showing has been an improvement over what it was four years ago and eight years ago." It seems that there is little, if any, excuse for a controversy in view of the fact, quite generally conceded, that the election possessed no national significance, and that the administration policies were not injected as an issue into any of the contests.

The names of the Federal office-holders for the new State of Oklahoma were announced at the White House on Thursday and the announcement precipitated a whirlwind of indignation and wrath among the office seekers and their friends from Oklahoma and Indian Territory who have spent the greater part of two weeks in Washington, believing, as they express it, that there would be something like an equitable division of these six offices.

The proceedings of the Cosmopolitan Shipping Company against the Hamburg-American Packet Company, the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, the Wilson Lines and the Scandinavian American Line, filed several months ago with the Interstate Commerce Commission, have taken on a new and important phase. As attorneys for the defendant lines, former Senator John C. Spooner, William G. Choate, and Harrington Putnam have entered with the commission a demurral to the complaint of the Cosmopolitan Shipping Company, in which it is set up that the commission has not, under the laws of the United States, jurisdiction over the subject matter of the complaint or power to proceed against the defendants.

It is maintained, further, that the complainant's petition sets forth no matter which is cognizable by the Interstate Commerce Commission, or which it has been given power to remedy. The counsel for defendants ask, therefore, that they be not compelled to answer the complaint, and that the case be dismissed.

The commission has fixed Tuesday, December 3, as the date for hearing argument on the demurral.

Mr. John A. Fox of Arkansas, special director of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, reached Washington on Wednesday, after a trip of more than 30,000 miles throughout the United States. He is here to complete certain arrangements in connection with the forthcoming convention of the organization. Among those who have given themselves personally to Mr. Fox their intention of being present are Gov. Glenn, who will head a delegation of sixty from North Carolina; Governors Coke Smith of Georgia; Chamberlain of Oregon; Culter of Utah; Mead of Washington; Gillett of California; Kirby of Arizona; and Guild of Massachusetts. Gov. Coke Smith is to make an address and Ambassador von Sternburg and Ambassador Jusserud will discuss waterway development in Germany and France respectively at the convention.

President Roosevelt has protested against the misrepresentation of certain conservative newspapers, and has expressed his conviction to some of his friends that these papers, which are usually as influential with investors as with the financiers, have done more by their persistent distortion of the facts and their wilful misrepresentation of his aims and policies, to precipitate the lack of confidence of which they are now complaining than have all of Mr. Roosevelt's trust prosecutions and oratorical denunciations of successful dishonesty.

As a matter of fact those capitalists and financiers who come to the White House to plead with the President against a repetition of utterances they have attributed to him, or beg him to say certain things which they believe will help to restore confidence, are generally amazed to find that he has never sold the former and that the latter he has put in a more forceful manner than they suggest.

Mrs. Louis E. Marsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Marsh, and Mr. John H. Bryer, Jr., of this city, were quietly married in Lynn, Mass., on Monday, November 4th, by Rev. Ernest J. Denneen, formerly assistant rector of Trinity church in this city. The young couple spent their honeymoon in Boston and New York, returning home last Sunday.

Mr. Francis J. Otis, who has been ill with typhoid fever at his summer residence on Narragansett Avenue, is slowly improving and hopes to be able to spend the winter travelling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James McLeish are visiting in New York. Before returning home they will stop at Indian Head, where they will be guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Barker, who were called to Newport to attend the funeral of Mrs. Barker's sister, Miss Robinson, have returned to Washington.

Colonel Addison Thomas is recovering from his recent illness.

BARNEY A SUICIDE

Until Recently President of the Knickerbocker Trust Company

STORM CENTER OF PANIC

Friends Were Planning Stock Company to Finance His Enterprises When He Took His Life--Impending Divorce Suit Perhaps a Factor

New York, Nov. 15.—Charles Tracy Barney, deposed president of the Knickerbocker Trust company, and until recently a power in the financial world, died by his own hand at his home here. Death was due to a bullet which entered his body just below the heart. His loans with the bank, it is said, are amply secured, and when he was forced from his presidency he was, to all intents and purposes, eliminated as a factor in banking circles. What ill-effects his unexpected taking off might have had on the financial situation generally had long since been discounted.

In distress of mind over the dissipation of his private fortune and the loss of his high standing among business associates, infinite nequities find the drift that broke his health and reason. And even much of his personal wealth might have been saved. At the moment that Barney was dying at his beautiful home at the corner of Thirty-eighth street and Park avenue, and suggests probed for the bullet, a few friends at a down-town office were concluding an arrangement by which the loose ends of the banker's many enterprises were to be gathered up and financed by a stock company which would at least rescue sufficient to ensure Barney's future financial condition. The conference broke up at the announcement of the death.

Mr. Barney, who was in his 57th year, shot himself yesterday while alone in his chamber in the rear of the second floor of his home. The bullet entered below the heart, and, following an oblique line, lodged in the back under the left shoulder blade. He died about 2:30 o'clock after suffering intensely. The death was reported to the coroner a little past 3 o'clock.

Charles Tracy Barney is shown in the last number of the directory of the directors of New York to have been connected with 34 different concerns, largely financial institutions. From some of these he was, recently forced to retire under pressure.

That financial complications were not the only factors in Barney's act in taking his life was indicated by a recent publication of a story of a divorce suit about to be instituted against him.

A weekly newspaper, without giving names, on Nov. 7 said that the wife of a man prominent socially had, or in a very short time would, institute divorce proceedings.

To Make Financial Suggestions Albany, Nov. 14.—Governor Hughes has addressed letters to A. B. Hepburn, E. S. Marston, E. W. Sheldon, A. S. Frissell, Stephen Baker and Andrew Mills, all bankers or trust company men of New York city, requesting that they act as a committee to suggest what they may regard as any needed changes in the state laws governing banks and trust companies. It is understood that the governor has reasonable assurance that they will serve.

Previous Dividend Record Exceeded Fall River, Mass., Nov. 12.—Cash dividends to the amount of \$901,350 have been divided among the owners of stock in the cotton mills of this city, according to a compilation prepared by Haffards & Co. for the quarter just finished. It is the greatest distribution in the history of cloth manufacturing, no other quarter exceeding \$661,350, which was the total the last previous period.

Strikers Have Lost Positions Brockton, Mass., Nov. 12.—A number of the linters formerly employed by the W. L. Douglas Shoe company, who went on strike some six weeks ago and who on Saturday last voted to call the strike off, applied for their old positions yesterday, but none was put to work. The firm has stated that it is satisfied with its present crew of linters.

Troublesome Utes Arrested Ship Rock, N. M., Nov. 14.—Superintendent Shetler of the Ute Indian agency denies the report that a fight took place between disaffected Utes and United States troops. All of the disaffected Utes are now under arrest here and no further trouble from them is expected.

Woman's Corpse in Men's Clothing Trinidad, Colo., Nov. 13.—Miss Katherine Vasbough, who successfully passed herself off as a man for about 10 years, and who died Monday, was buried yesterday, attired in a masculine black broadcloth suit, in accordance with her wish, expressed when dying.

Punished For Obscenity Trenton, Nov. 12.—Bernard MacFadden, who was convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails by means of a physical culture magazine, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and \$2000 fine.

Not Engaged to Be Married Paris, Nov. 12.—Miss Anna Gould has authorized The Associated Press to deny reports that she is engaged to be married to Prince Helle de Sagan or to anybody else.

Bell Launches Airship Baddeck, N. S., Nov. 14.—After many years of experimental work the contrivance with which Dr. Bell hoped to solve the problem of aerial navigation was successfully launched here in the presence of a number of intimate friends of the inventor. The launching took place at the Bell laboratory, the ship being named "The Siletz."

BURDEN SHIFTED

People Must Now Bear It as Well as Corporations

MELLEN TALKS OF PANIC

Politicians Who Posed as Prodders of Octopus "Did Not Know Gun Was Loaded"—Cites Case of Justice Being Bland in New England

Hartford, Nov. 14.—Men prominent in state and municipal government, industry and agriculture, spoke words of welcome and encouragement to the members of the National Grange and their friends at the public meeting here last night, held in connection with the national convention. The principal speaker was President Mellen of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, who said in part:

"The prejudice excited by demagogues and politicians against corporations has now reached a stage when others are suffering. The burden which has rested so heavily upon corporations and those charged with their affairs so long is being distributed, and the community will soon have its own troubles to worry about."

"The losses in value credit fortune in this country since the beginning of this year have been greater than occurred as a result of the Civil war. This is not a rich man's panic. It is a widespread distress rapidly extending itself to the farthest sections of the country. Even those who did not know the gun was loaded, whose only thought was sensational popularity, are becoming sobered by the outlook."

"The position of the company with which I am connected furnishes an instance of wherein a business enterprise of large importance is being made the football of politicians and we are caused large loss and embarrassment. As a result of pressure by politicians, promoted, as I believe, by people whose interest is other than a desire for the enforcement of the law, an investigation has been ordered of our company."

"Buy for politics the investigation could have been completed long before this time, but no election was coming on space and the interests involved (not ours) required notice in the press; something in the way of consideration commensurate with the dignity of the ticklers and prodders of the octopus was necessary. Men had achieved distinction with less opportunity, and lightning might strike again. The chances were great."

"The agitation was started through mendacious reports that our company was going to finance a political campaign in a neighboring state for a large amount. Apparently nothing is too ridiculous to be believed when votes are in the balance, and quick action was secured by local legislation, holding everything up until after election and another session of the legislature."

"Justice is indeed blind when she can be led to bold up the largest business enterprise in New England that blackmail may be extorted."

"Don't misunderstand me. I don't think, nor charge, that any government official is knowingly a party to any blackmailing scheme in this investigation, but I believe it has been instigated by parties not interested so much

in the administration of justice as in securing a beneficial result to themselves, through exacting a price for their stock, and that it is less expensive to do their work and pay the bills in this way than it would be otherwise."

"After speaking of the money stringency in New York and how lack of money would cause a decrease in business, laying off of men and, through the company, affect the whole community, Mellen continued:

"As much unselfish patriotism was shown during the recent panic in New York as was ever shown by any of those in other walks of life who have most severely criticised the men and methods of that financial center. Men risked their fortunes who were absolutely safe, had they been selfish, others might say theirs."

"It takes a large-minded man, who has so much to resent in the scant consideration his efforts in behalf of the business interests of the country have received at the hands of those in authority, to forget so much and do so much in so short a time and so effectively."

Alleged Misuse of \$14,000,000 Chicago, Nov. 14.—The trial of John R. Walsh, formerly president of the Chicago National bank, now defunct, on a charge of misuse of the funds of that institution, has formally opened. The government will attempt to show that Walsh wrongfully took from the Chicago National bank, the Equitable Trust company and the Home Savings bank \$14,000,000.

Girls Won't Join Union Plattsburgh, Conn., Nov. 12.—The employment of three girls who, it is said, will not join the Weavers' union, was the cause of a strike at the Lawton Cotton mills, 300 hands walking out when it became known that the girls would not become affiliated with the organization to which all the other workers belong.

Ninety-Day Clause Effective Waterbury, Conn., Nov. 12.—The 90-day clause requiring all depositors to notify savings banks 90 days before withdrawing any of their principal has been put into force in the local banks. This action was taken by the bankers to protect themselves from a run.

Naval Apprentices Transferred Newport, R. I., Nov. 15.—In preparation for the voyage to the Pacific, 450 apprentices sent from the training station here were transferred today to the battleships of the Atlantic fleet resting at the New York navy yard. About 900 others will soon be sent to the remainder of the ships at the several navy yards.

Resolution Met Opposition

New York, Nov. 14.—A resolution protesting against the omission of the words "In God We Trust" from new United States gold coins was adopted by the New York diocesan convention of the Protestant Episcopal church here. After long argument 81 delegates recorded themselves as opposed to the resolution, while 131 votes were cast in favor of it.

BRYAN IS WILLING

Will Run For Presidency If Democrats So Desire

STATEMENT TO PUBLIC

Does Not Ask For and Will Not Seek Nomination—Talks of Next Campaign and Says Cash Element Must Be Eliminated

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 15.—William J. Bryan will accept the Democratic nomination for president in 1908, but he will neither ask nor make a fight for it. He says that for a year or more he has been pressed to answer the question: "Will you accept the nomination?" and he believes the public is entitled to an answer, and to know the position he occupies.

The question that ought to weigh most, he says, is whether his nomination will strengthen the Democratic party more than the nomination of some one else. Not only will he not seek or ask for the nomination, but he will not assume to decide the question of availability and, if the prize fails to another, he will neither be disappointed nor disgruntled. At the same time, he denies that he has waited this long in desire to see whom the Republicans are likely to nominate, or to ascertain the chances of victory. Mr. Bryan says in part:

"Now that the election of 1907 is past and plans are being made for next year's campaign, Mr. Bryan feels that a statement is due to the public. Those who prefer another candidate are entitled to know his position and those who favor his nomination have a right to demand an answer to the question so often put: 'Will you accept a nomination?' His refusal to answer the question has led to the circulation of many false reports, and unfriendly newspapers have taken advantage of his silence to misrepresent his attitude.

"Mr. Bryan will not ask for or seek a nomination and he will not assume to decide the question of his availability. He has been so amply compensated by his party for what he has done and for what he has endeavored to do that he cannot claim a nomination as a reward."

"The Republicans must nominate either a reformer, a stand-patter or one whose position on public questions is unknown, and the course of the Democratic party should be the same, no matter which element controls the Republican convention.

"The Democratic party must make the fight for what it believes. While it may take advantage of Republican mistakes, it must depend upon its own merits for success and not upon the errors of its opponents.

"The action of the Republican convention may have its influence in determining the relative availability of Democratic candidates, but it ought not to have any influence in determining the question whether the one chosen by the Democrats should accept the nomination. If the rank and file of the Democratic party desire Mr. Bryan to make the race, he will make it, no matter who may be the Republican nominee.

"The next campaign will be an appeal to the public conscience. The investigations have shown not only the corrupt use of large campaign funds, but the only source from which they can be drawn, namely—the corporations that seek to convert the government into a business asset.

"The Democratic party must make the fight for what it believes. While it may take advantage of Republican mistakes, it must depend upon its own merits for success and not upon the errors of its opponents.

"The next campaign will be an appeal to the public conscience. The investigations have shown not only the corrupt use of large campaign funds, but the only source from which they can be drawn, namely—the corporations that seek to convert the government into a business asset.

"The Democratic campaign must be carried on by volunteers, who will work because they desire the triumph of Democratic ideas. We cannot hope to appeal to the sordid *gains* to buy the *purseable*, even if such a course would contribute toward Democratic success."

Minister Fell From Grace Binghamton, N. Y., Nov. 12.—Horace Cole, a former minister and author of several books, escaped from the Cortland jail Sunday night and was captured yesterday afternoon in Broome county. Cole is under indictment in Cortland county on the charge of breaking and entering in Broome county on the charge of burglary.

Bank Officers Bound Over Portland, Or., Nov. 14.—President Roos, Vice President Hill and Treasurer Burkhardt of the Title Guaranty and Trust company, which suspended last week, were yesterday bound over to the state court under \$5000 bonds each. The charges are accepting deposits while knowing the bank was insolvent.

Fishermen's Awful Death List St. Pierre, Mich., Nov. 18.—One hundred and twenty-three persons perished in the fishing fleet from this port during the season just ended. Seven vessels were lost. A majority of the men lost left large families. Nearly all the disasters occurred in the heavy storms of September and October.

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Telephoning by Wireless

Berlin, Nov. 12.—A German company is now telephoning wirelessly from Nauen to various places in Germany, 60 miles distant. One of the managers of the company says that conversations have been conducted with extreme clearness and precision.

Wedding Followed Murder

White Rock, N. C., Nov. 14.—Within half an hour after he had shot his rival through the heart in his fiancee's presence Clarke Norman accompanied Miss Elizabeth Geary to a neighboring parsonage and the two were married.

Ninety-Day Clause Effective

Waterbury, Conn., Nov. 12.—The 90-day clause requiring all depositors to notify savings banks 90 days before withdrawing any of their principal has been put into force in the local banks. This action was taken by the bankers to protect themselves from a run.

HIBBARD BEATS HANNON

Fitzgerald and Coulthurst the Other Hub Mayoralty Nominees

Boston, Nov. 15.—At the joint municipal primaries held yesterday one of the highest votes in years was cast, the total mayoralty vote being a little over 45,000 out of a registration of 110,000. The vote was lessened somewhat by the fact that many Independence League voters, who were registered as Democrats, were refused the right to vote for their party candidates, and as they were not familiar with the law which allowed them to change their party designation by taking oath many of them left the polls without voting.

A feature of the primaries was the three-cornered fight for the Republican nomination for mayor, in which Postmaster George A. Hibbard easily won out by a vote of four to one against Street Commissioner Hannan. Former Representative Frederick W. Blits, the third candidate, received about half as many votes as Hannan.

The Democratic nomination of Mayor Fitzgerald was uncontested, although the vote totalled considerably below the strength of the Democratic ballot east, through the substitution of many other names on the ballot.

John A. Coulthurst was nominated by the Independence League for mayor.

Report on Railroad Collision

Brattleboro, Vt., Nov. 15.—The confusion and embarrassment experienced by a young woman operator because of the custom of railroad employees and others to frequent the telegraph office of the Central Vermont railroad here are held by the state railroad commissioners to constitute the contributing cause of a collision between two passenger trains near Vernon on Sept. 20. The collision, they report, was due to the failure of the operator to deliver a copy of an order to the engineer and conductor of one of the trains, although she supposed she had done so.

Mellen's Speech Stirs Grangers

Hartford, Nov. 15.—Opinions were freely expressed here on the address made before the National Grange by President Mellen of the New Haven road, in which he denounced political attacks on railroads. Resolutions were unanimously passed setting forth in substance that the grange was not responsible for the statements. They were apparently unlooked for, and in the words of one of the grange officials, "took the farmers off their feet."

Jack es in Champion Football

Boston, Nov. 14.—In the presence of over 6000 jockies of the navy and other spectators, football teams from the United States battleships Vermont and New Jersey battled for the championship of the North Atlantic squadron in this city, the men from the Vermont winning by the score of 6 to 0. The game was splendidly played throughout, the old style of play prevailing. The sailors brought along three bands.

Serious Charge Against Doctor

Waterbury, Conn., Nov. 15.—Dr. Hugh J. Dever, one of Waterbury's best known surgeons, was arrested on a warrant charging him with the death of Mrs. Charles W. Hale from a criminal operation, which is alleged to have been performed on Oct. 16. Mrs. Hale died last night. Dr. Dever came to this city about 15 years ago from Bridgeport. An inquest has been started and he is held under bonds of \$5000.

Deputy Sheriff For Many Years

North Attleboro, Mass., Nov. 15.—James W. Riley, believed to be the oldest deputy sheriff in point of length of service in Massachusetts, died here at the age of 86. He was appointed deputy in 1865 and had served continuously since.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Are Cuticura Remedies—Suffered Six Months—Skin Full of Red Spots and Face Full of Pimples—Made Life Miserable—Was Discouraged—Doctors Useless

CURED BY CUTICURA REMEDIES IN ONE WEEK

"Cuticura Soap and Ointment are the greatest remedies for skin diseases on earth. I have suffered six months from a disease which I cannot describe, but I will tell you the symptoms. My skin was full of red spots and my face was full of red pimples. It made life miserable for me and I was discouraged with everything. I went to several doctors, but it was useless. But while reading a newspaper I came across one of your testimonials telling the value of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I resolved to try them, and after using them for about one week I became a new man. The pimples and the red spots have disappeared and they made my skin as soft as velvet. Now I am a constant user of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I recommend them highly. Albert Cashman, Bedford Station, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1905."

FOOT COMFORT

Obtained from Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

For tired, aching, irritated, itching feet, inflammation and painful swelling of the joints, red and roughened skin, corns, bunions, etc., and for purifying the perspiratory glands; Soak the feet in Cuticura Soap and Hot Water, dry, and anoint with Cutic

Great-Aunt Lucy Lee.

Sometimes when I am tired of play
My mother says to me,
"Come, daughter, we will call today
On Great-Aunt Lucy Lee."

And soon, by mother's side, I skip
Along the quiet street,
Where the old trees, on either side,
Throw shadows at my feet.

The houses stand in column rows,
And not a child is seen;
The blinds are drawn, the doors are shut,
The walks are spun and clean.

Then when we come to number three,
I stretch my hand up—so!
And find the old brass knocker's ring
Is up in me go.

There Great-Aunt Lucy, small and prim,
Sits by the chimney-piece;
Her knitting-needs clicking go,
And never seem to cease.

Aunt Lucy's eyes are blue and kind,
Her wrinkled face is fair;
She smiles with eyes of snowy lace
Her pretty silver hair.

Aunt Lucy's voice is sweet and low,
Her smile is gold and bright;
She wears a gown of lavender,
And kerchief soft and white.

I fold my hands in front of me
Till gold still stand,
Till Great-Aunt Lucy, smiling, says,
"Come, little, little m'did!"

And from her silken bag she takes
A pepperoni of two,
And gathers them upon my bony
My sea go, my do, the Zoo."

And then she sings for Hannah, who
Hasn't had her baby yet,
With sugar-coated cakes and jelly turds
Upon a silting tin.

When I have eaten all I can,
Aunt Lucy lets me go
Into the garden, where all kinds
Of lovely flowers grow.

Pleasures of unending leaves,
Sweet-wilts, four o'clocks,
Pink daisies, bleeding-hearts and things
All bordered round with box.

And there's an arbor, where the grapes
Hang low enough to touch;
A plum fruit across the path,
And by the wall a peach.

And out! I think it very nice
To come and visit here;
The house, the garden and the folks
All seem so very queer.

And though I am well satisfied—
A while to romp and play—
A wee lady, kind and dear,
I want to become thy.

And so I hope that when I too,
Have grown to eighty-three,
I'll be a lovely lady like
My Great-aunt Lucy Lee.

Corn Walker Hayes, in October St. Nicholas.

Silverfoot.

His name was Silverfoot and we
were proud to call him that when we
learned to understand the beauty of
that shaggy head; but the first uncom-
plimentary title, that of Wizzen Face,
which the housekeeper wifl received, was
hard to live with.

Such a dog was he! His bony sides
stuck together and only in privileged
places remained any of the curly red
coat that bespoke of a past of more
prosperous days. A tall—rather a
hairless hound—wagged to and fro in
appreciation of my fellowship. His
face—intelligent, but such a forsaken,
lost-friend expression!

Silverfoot and I were friends, but at
first the mistress would have nothing
whatever to do with him. His coming
seemed anything but a favorable wave
to our little harbor. There was no
portion of the household but where he
left his mischievous traces. Silverfoot
quickly became Wizzen Face, and Wiz-
zen Face his name remained in sarcas-
tic vehemence.

The dog prospered in his new quar-
ters. His appetite increased until it
approached the ravenous, and even
the calloused hounds was quickly covered
with a new growth of short, curly
hair. One day he would exhibit re-
markable cleverness, alternating the
next with every sort devoid of any sag-
acity. He would sleep for hours in a
sheltered nook under the grape arbor,
or go tearing up and down the paths
with the pretense of hunting squirrels,
or digging for a stray woodchucks.

Under Silverfoot's shaggy head there
was a wistfulness that bordered on the
mysterious. He made it his duty to
investigate the identity of all who
passed the house. To the edge of the
lawn he would follow them, sniffing
at their heels in an indifferent way,
then dropping on his haunches in a
crest fallen manner show his displeasure
in not recognizing them. Thus far
he would go and no farther; not even
the mistress could persuade him to
continue, or detain him from doggedly
skulking back to his kennel.

Few in our neighborhood, cared to
make his acquaintance. Many knew
the strength of his powerful jaws, and
too many a suspicious character left a
portion of his coat in Silverfoot's
mouth after a hasty exit over the fence.

Despite all this I knew Silverfoot to
be a faithful pet. His delight seemed
to be in serving our household. He
would trot to the post-office, and, with
his fore feet on the delivery shelf, wait
until the mail was placed in his mouth.
He would carry a note to the grocery
and do our marketing in fine style,
even carrying a basket of eggs without
breaking one of them. One day an
old dog bothered him during the
errand, but he stood the taunts until
the eggs were carefully left on the door-
step, then turned, with the fury of a
mad dog, upon his tormentor, and pun-
ished him soundly.

Silverfoot's greatest pleasure was a
bore to the mail road. The A. & O.
railroad followed our winding valley
for several miles along Blue River, and
made a crossing near our house. It
was here that Silverfoot delighted to sit
upon the track and wait. For the after-
noon express, his eyes closed and in all
appearance fast asleep.

Calmly unconcerned he would watch
the train as it plunged madly down the
track until, when it thundered over the
crossing, he would jump aside and be
enveloped in a cloud of steam.

No other train but the express could
lure him. Even though a "Special"
preceded the express a few minutes he
was not to be outwitted, and the long
whistle as they entered the cut at the
lower end of the valley was never mis-
taken for the elation of the express.

The old engineer was a friend of our
family, and many times did he frau-
tically blow his whistle endeavoring to
frighten our pet from the track. Silver-
foot never glistened over his ways,
though he may have been conscious of
bothering the engineer. He never
glanced toward the engine. Not even
a good-natured "doggy look" could
the engineer detect from those down-
cast eyes as the dog shrank back to the
house.

Then Silverfoot's enemies proclaimed
he had stolen a sheep and didn't dare
bold his head up and look them squarely
in the face. Try as I might I was
never able to catch his eye. But
Grandpa delights in relating how he
saw our pet single out a dog that had

been worrying the sheep and thrashed
him soundly.

We respected Silverfoot for his char-
acteristics; for they were original with
him. After a little the mistress tried
to win favor from his eye, but it was
too late. Greedily he would gnaw the
bone she gave him and look for more,
but whenever she tried to pet his shag-
gy head, or induce him to follow her,
his eyes dropped in an apparent lack of
interest.

Late that summer, when every breeze
whirled the dry leaves along the dusty
roads, Silverfoot and I set out for a
walk one afternoon. In a muddy pool,
below the long rail road trestle, I hoped
to find some of the delicate water plants
that were just approaching their prime
growth. Carefully I was working
along the mudhole, clinging to the
bushes on the shore as I reached for
the delicate blossoms I found in abundance.

"Suddenly—one never knows just how,
it happens—I lost my hold on the bank
and splash I slid into the mudhole.
Down, down, down, into that murky
pool I slipped.

Struggling frantically, I tried to save
myself, hardly realizing there was any
danger of sinking deep, but lower and
lower I went, and try as I might I
could not reach the bushes on the shore
to help myself.

Then I realized my predicament. I
lunged how exhausted I would be
in the morning, and an almost deadly
stupor came over me. Worse than
that I feared I would sink out of sight,
for there seemed little hope of rescue.
It seemed as if I had been struggling
for an hour. In reality it was but a
short time. I was sinking fast—the
mud was up to my waist—then I felt a
cold chill come over me.

There was a tug at my shoulder.
Silverfoot was helping me. I could
feel his warm breath as he pressed
against my face. Now he was in the
water, struggling to reach the shore.
Now he was tugging up and down the
bank, tugging at my collar.

Then a providential bush fell across
my face, and in my eagerness I reached
high upon the bank for a good hold.
Always I insisted that Silverfoot
brushed the limb over the water that I
might save myself, and I could feel
his soft muzzle as he tugged at my
collar.

That was all. As I lay there, almost
exhausted, a thunderous roar filled the
valley. It was the afternoon "express,"
and Silverfoot was sitting between the
rails.

He cared for no reward; his shaggy
head was bowed and his brown eyes
betrayed no interest. I whistled softly
to call him away from the danger but
he would not even look at me. Only
an occasional sleepy glance of his eyes
showed he was watching a catbird
that skinned among the branches of an
elder beside the track.

The express was late. A cloud of fire
and smoke poured from the stack and
there was a louder roar as the long
train struck the trestle, but Silverfoot
only wagged his shaggy head in a good
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SELECTED HIS OWN GRAVE.

Dead Shot Bill Found the March 1 Was Not to Be Killed.

When Dead Shot Bill rode into Hays
City one day in the early seventies
with his life tattered down its eyes
and a hard look around his mouth those
who knew him said that he had come
to die. Greedily he would gnaw the
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THE SPOILERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

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The Knob Country Bear.

"Seems that it pays better to fly in the face of Providence, after all, as far as Uncle Jase is concerned, than to not to," remarked the man from the Knob country, "an' that them wouldn't think o' doin' of it ain't always them as gets their reward handed out on this minnowin' spear."

"I'm jedgin' o' this here livin' from what come of Uncle Jase's squintin' recomembrance of the battered tobacco box that he unfolded the seller from the city other day, tellin' him how it had been swallered by a bear that found it in a stump the was robbin' o' wild honey, where the box had been hid by a seller who suspected that it had something that he could bide his an' git up a little bit o' good dekes with, an' how this feller killed the bear, not knowin' it had swallered the tobacco box, an' the bear bein' thin an' scrawny, him an' the persecutor of a poor born woman made the widder a present of a snake on her, the widder findin' the tobacco box inside the bear when she cut it up, which it was a lucky find for her, as the box had in it a will that left her every ding bit o' the property her persecutor had, be havin' got it under a will that wasn't no good."

"Mebbe you mind me tellin' you about this recomembrance of Uncle Jase's an' how, when we told the astounded city seller that the tobacco box was one that Simon had thrown away that day, an' the boys had been using it as a pistol target, which had battered it so, instead of its bein' all dented up by the bear's teeth, as Uncle Jase told him it had, he started up the road arter Jase, an' that I hadn't heard whether he ketched up with Uncle Jase or not, but that if he had I'd bet a little somethin' that Jase had flew in the face of Providence wunst too often, for the city seller had bigg'd in his eye? Mebbe you mind my tellin' you of it?"

"Well, I've heard peace that he ketched up with Uncle Jase. He ketched him fore he had gone half a mile. An' did it go hard with Jason fer flyin' in the face o' Providence that way about the tobacco box? Jest listen, an' see how the wicked flourishes, while the upright sets around with their thumbs up-parchin'! The city seller ketched up with Jason, sure enough, an' says:

"Hold on!" he says to Jase, "Come back to the tavern," he says, "an' have somethin' on me!"

"An' he fetched Jase back to the tavern, an' I hear that the way he did took things into him was a sin an' shame—an' me wheetin' over to Simon's store, ponderin' with sorrow on the way that Uncle Jase had mebe done it wunst too often—an' int even a drop of cider in Simon's pitcher!"

The man from the Knob country was plainly moved deeply by these edifying moral reflections.

"An' then we furder said he by and by, "I was settin' in at Simon's store two or three days later I'd heard how disapp'intin' it was to be amongst us fellers in the ways o' the pillars o' truth an' them that isn't quick at recombin' an' thinkin' up things instead of bein' amongst the Uncle Jases that flee in the face o' Providence, an' who should be there but this seller from the city ag'in, an' Ell's Sam was sayin' that it was a pecky shame the way bears had been stealin' sheep back in the Knob country. The city seller says yes, he'd be too, an' he didn't know bears were seth sheep stealers.

"Neither be they says I. Not Knob country bears, anyhow," he says, "an' any one that says they're stealin' sheep don't know what they're talkin' about!" I says.

"Uncle Jase wasn't there, or I suppose he'd 'flew in the face of Providence ag'in with somethin' or other about what bears. 'd do an' what they wouldn't do, but Ell's Sam he looked up sort o' surprised when I says that them bears wasn't stealin' sheep, an' he says he didn't know what I called it, then, but of course if I said so there couldn't be no doubt about it.

"You're right on that print!" says Simon to Ell's Sam, an' the city seller says he was glad to hear it.

"No, I says, "Them bears ain't stealin' them sheep at all. They're only takin' just what they've got a right to," I says, an' then I told em' why.

"How did the first sheep git into the Knob country?" I says. "Bear! That's how! When the first settlers set down in the Knob country they didn't have a sheep with 'em. After they got things to runnin' pooty-tolerable they found that they needed sheep the wast way. Bears was plenty enough, but folks couldn't shear them woolen bears. So what was goin' to do about it?

"But one day one o' them settlers went out to do his chores early in the morning, an' he sees two shammin' big bears skittin' away from his clearing as fast as they could go. 'He didn't think nothin' o' that, o' course, but when he looked around an' see a pair o' nice sheep in his yard he just dropped dead. As soon as he could git breath enough he shouted for joy;

"They're like many in the wilderness was to the children of Israel, thine they wast lost in the woods," says he, "An' yit," says he, "It don't seem, neither, as if they could 'a' ratied down! They must be a miracle, though," says he, "an' it's a mighty good thing I come out here just as I did, or them two smooth bears would 'a' had 'em, an' I'd never known it," says in joyful.

"But after while it got around that another settler had gone out early in the morning to do his chores an' had found a pair of sheep in his yard an' see two shammin' big bears skittin' away. An' the returns keep coming in that this, that an' Pother settler had found a pair of sheep in his yard an' seen two shammin' big bears skittin' away from there. An' what did it all mean, anywhere?"

"Well, they soon figured it out what it all meant. It meant that bears had gone some's an' brought them sheep back with 'em. I don't know where they got 'em. I don't know where they got 'em, but the bears knew. Them bears wanted sheep themselves, an' they see a way out o' skittin' all over the country lookin' up mutton, which they had been doing, and that way was to bring in a few pair o' sheep and plant the Knob country with 'em, an' they just went an' done it—an' that's what they was doin'.

"Well, what then? Why them bears that's back in the Knob country to-day is the posterity of the bears that plauted them sheep there, an' the sheep that's there now is all own to that plantin'. So them bears has got a right to help themselves to mutton in the Knob country, for it's only layin' on their own; an' folks that says they're stealin' don't know what they're talkin' about that all!"

"That's what I told 'em so as to set them Knob country bears right; an' Ell's Sam an' Simon says they was

glad to hear it, an' they'd never throw it up to them bears ag'in that they was sheep stealers.

"No, sir, I says, havin' some more livin' facts about them Knob country bears. Folks that says them bears are sheep stealin' don't know what they're talkin' about, no more than they know what the oil in a bear's foot is fer! If you'd ask such folks as them what it was fer they'd up an' say that it was fer the bears to feed on when they hole up for the winter an' lay off an' sink their paws. Fudge an' fiddlesticks! There may be bears somewhere that hole up to suck their paws all winter, but they ain't Knob country bears. Knob country bears don't hole up for the winter to eat. They hole up to sleep, an' their stomachs is empty an' weak in the spring, but their heads ain't. They know that they've got to hole up their stomachs first with somethin' mumbin' but not nutty, an' they break fer the crevices soon as they come out an' stretch themselves a little.

"They break fer the crevices. What fer? To catch fish. When they git to the creek they hunt up a log that sticks out in the water a ways. They crawl out on to the log an' lay flat on to it, one paw on each side of it, under the water. Then they squeeze a few drops of oil outen each paw. Posty soon ebubs, suckers an' every kind o' fish that's in the creek'll come sailin' up to git their sheer of it. Then it'd be with your while to jest watc' an' see how much a Knob country bear knows.

If there don't happen to be no trout amongst the fish that comes up fer the oil the bear'll hook chubs an' suckers on to his claws an' haul 'em out an' eat 'em. But if there's a trout amongst 'em he'll pick them choice fellers out every time an' pay no more attention to the chubs an' suckers than if they was so many the bath fish.

"An' there the bears'll lay an' lay an' fish, usin' that foot on bait, an' it'll run down stomachs fer pork an' mutton an' catch solid food by an' by, knowin' if they took to swimmin' them weak an' empty stomachs of their own to catch heavily. The first thing in the spring dyspepsy would swoop down on to 'em like crows on a corn field an' the woods'd be all tore up by the dyin' sickies of considerate' bears. They're wise!"

"Ell's Sam and Simon both up and says that they never known so much about the Knob country bears' nature as that it was an' up'nt' as Sunday school books. An' now see how it segons that it pays better to be a flyer in the face o' Providence after all, but it's not to be an' that them we wouldn't think o' ya', which won't ways them as git their reward on that immediate spean. The city seller got often the cracker bar'l where he was settin' stretched himself like a tired old' hand, gaped till you could see the lunde o' the back o' his head an' then say to Simon:

"I thought weble I'd catch Uncle Jase here to-day," says he. If he should happen to come in tell him I'm waitin' for him over to the tavern," says he.

"An' he walked out, leavin' me an' Ell's Sam an' Simon so speechless that you'd a took us for a deaf and dumb asylum!"

Her Journey,

Jennie was visiting Aunt Dora. She had promised her mother she would be brave and not be homesick. She had really meant to keep that promise, but how could she know how very homesome it was going to be in the strange town with no little girls to play with?

But if she could not be brave she could be polite, she told herself. She listened patiently while Aunt Dora read from "Alice in Wonderland" and when she paused, her niece said, with a little sigh, "I wish I could go on a journey and have some adventure."

Then came a climax. In rounding a curve the car left the track and bro' ght up against the fence. Everybody was astonished, but no one seriously hurt, although badly mixed up with the seats and each other.

In the confusion Mr. Gifford found a roll of bills on the floor of the car.

He held on the money until some one should make an outcry. None came.

Another car came along after a few minutes and picked up the excited passengers, and not one of them had said a word about a loss.

Mr. Gifford was just as honest as you or I. He shoved that roll down into his pocket and decided to wait until the loss was advertised. The victim of a \$500 loss would be sure to do that.

The next day and the next and the next, and, in fact, for a whole week, Mr. Gifford looked at the "Lost and Found" in three different dailies, but no advertisement appeared.

He then came to the conclusion that the roll must have dropped from his own vest pocket as the car was trying to climb the fence, or that the motor-man, who had fled the scene, had thrown it at him as a solace for barking his shins and skinning his knee. It was therefore added to the young man's pants account.

Miss Graves had suffered a few bruises and a great scare, and it was not until she was seated in the other car that she missed the money. Then she uttered one single groan of despair and almost fainted away.

The pickpocket echoed her groan. He had come out to pelt and got a wrench of the back that would make him walk like a man of eighty for days to come.

When the other car had left the track Hilda must have instinctively withdrawn her hand from her pocket to clutch the seat ahead, and the money had come with the hand. Some one must have found it. Who?

This question puzzled her for days

and she finally decided that it had fallen into the hands of the nice young man who had rescued her. His nice ways were all put on. He was a bad young man—probably a thief by choice and profession.

She would know him again if she met him in China. She wasn't going to China to experiment, but she would keep her eyes open when on the street, and if she ran across him she must give up that money or take the consequences.

The fact that she worked in a lawyer's office gave her a certain amount of nerve, too.

Mr. Gifford had been under suspicion a week or so, when one day he walked into the lion's mouth. He had business with the old-fashioned lawyer, and he entered the office at ten o'clock one forenoon to be told that the old-fashioned lawyer had gone over to Philadelphia.

There was a good looking young lady there who did the telling. It seemed to her that he had seen her somewhere before. He was puzzling his brains and killing time, when she rose up and exclaimed:

"Ah, it is you! I thought I would see you sooner or later."

"Then—then you have been wishing to find me?" he queried.

"I have, sir. You were on the trolley car that ran off the track into the fence a week or so ago."

"Yes, I remember.

I lost \$500 from my pocket. I am sure you found it. I have hoped to meet you every day since. I haven't seen in any of the papers that you have advertised it."

"And I haven't seen in any of the papers that you advertised your loss."

It was a good answer and Miss Graves blushed. Mr. Gifford couldn't believe that it was money she had found, but she knew, and she had not advertised her loss.

Wifey—But why don't you want me to buy your necktie any more?

Hubby—Well—er—I'd rather buy myself than have you go to all that trouble.

Wifey—But I like to do things for you.

Hubby—Oh, in that case I'll let you look after the furnace this winter.

He looked at her as if he rather en-

Paying the Mortgage.

When the father and husband died, leaving Mrs. Graves and Hilda alone, the latter eighteen years old, the two women saw a gloomy future before them.

There was not only a living to earn, but a mortgage of \$300 on the cottage in the suburban town to pay off. Being an invalid, the mother could earn little, nothing, though she talked every evening of dressmaking. It was for Hilda to furnish the income—to plan and save and scheme and keep things going.

After many failures and disappointments she found a place in the city with an old-fashioned lawyer, who preferred her neat chirography to typesetting, and for two long years she scarcely missed a day. From her earnings she could now and then put aside a dollar to pay the interest on the mortgage, but every penny had to

"And if I do not give it up?" he quietly asked as he sat down.

"I shall call in the police."

It was a timid girl's blurt. Any man who has ever walked around the block could have spotted it, but Hilda never looked handsomer than when she stood there with flanking cheeks and faced the young man. She was really afraid of him. He laughed heartily, but calmly said:

"And what if I also call the police?

You elsin the money, but can you satisfy the police that it was really yours?"

There was no more blushing. Tears came to Hilda's eyes, and she sat down with her head on the typewriter table.

"But we can settle it without the police," observed Mr. Gifford. "It is a case that can be settled out of court. Yes, you'd lose your money on the car, and I found it, I shall take your address and send you my check. Excuse me if I have said anything to cause those tears. You rather jumped on me, if you will remember. I am only too glad to have been the means—"

"It—it was money I found in the street," said the girl, as she looked up through her tears. "Yes, I found it, and I wanted to ask somebody if I was the same as a thief, and if I could be arrested for it, and if—if—"

And Mr. Gifford quoted the law and made explanations that kept him there an hour longer, and when Hilda took the car home that eveing he was there with the lost money, and he had to ride to Golded Heights to explain it all to her mother and to keep the pickpockets away.

He got into the habit of taking that ride very often after that, and passengers who kept their cars open heard talk of mortgages—lost money—wrecked cars—police—and bridal tours. All things will come about if you give them time.—Brooklyn Times.

joyed the affair, but there was light of admiration in his eyes as he waited for her next question. He had neither affirmed nor denied that he had found the money on the wrecked car.

"You had drawn the money from the bank and were taking it home in that careles way?"

"I had \$500 in my pocket, and I am sure I pulled it out when the accident came. I am also positive you found it. I remember you sat right back of me, and you left the car after I did."

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At a recent number of the New York Independent is "A Clergyman's Opinion of Women." The anonymous author shows up women as irresponsible beings, totally different from men. He says: "Woman has no mental processes, and that only the young and immature can ever rise 'resounding' with her; that the so-called 'humane woman' is an anomaly, the woman who 'mingles in politics' is monstrous, and the woman who boasts of her cleverness in doing 'men's work' is abominable. There are nearly six pages of examples of silly, exaggerated, wholly inexcusable acts on the part of women members of the reverend gentle-

men's congregation.

One cannot

Historical and Genealogical.**Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following rule must be absolutely observed: 1. Name and address of the writer must be given. 2. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 3. With on one side of the paper only. 4. Writing queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 5. Letters, if possible, should be short or too long, must be sent in blank numbered envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1907.

NOTES.**HAVENS.**

Continued.

The eleven children of Joseph (2) and Mary were:

(1) Hiram, married Lantis Stetson of Boston and settled in Buffalo where both died leaving a son, Joseph S.

(2) John H., married Elizabeth, daughter of Nehemiah Cole of Benton, moved to Hudson, Michigan.

(3) Ephraim S., married Mariette Moore of Alexander, Genesee Co., lived in Buffalo.

(4) Fanny, married Hezekiah Ferguson, of Seneca moved to Danville, Michigan; had several children. (She married (2) Mr. Blake.)

(5) Horace, married Eunice Bachelor of Perry, N. Y., moved to Lansing, Michigan. They had two sons in Civil War, Egbert, who marched with Sherman to the sea, served three years or more and died in hospital in New York, at close of war, leaving widow and one son at Grand Rapids, Michigan; and Edgar, who was in service at the battles of the Wilderness, at Gettysburg and others, and was six months in rebel prison at Belle Isle. He married and lived at Skaneateles, N. Y.

(6) Mary, married Philander Winslow of Marlboro, N. Y., where both died leaving three sons.

(7) Harriet, married James Hunt of Gorham, and settled at Perry, N. Y. Had four children, two of the sons in war of the Rebellion, died in hospital. Their father died at Perry, and his widow married Edward Richardson.

(8) Joseph W., married Louisa Wagener of Port Plain, N. Y., and had Mary; Jennie; Charles.

(9) Nancy, married Peleg Gardner of Potter, and lived at Yatesville, where she died, leaving four children, Mary, Kate, Hiram and John.

(10) Caroline, married Bleeker L. Webb of Fairport, N. Y., moved to Coldwater, Michigan and had four children.

(11) Eveline, married Wm. Penfield of Buffalo, lived at St. Joseph, Michigan.

The other children of Thomas and Mary (Smith) Havens, b. at Ballston, were:

2. Stephen, born 1774, married Phebe Sprague of Ballston and settled at Benton, had three children, James married Ruth Coleman of Jerusalem; Stephen married Mary Crane of Penn Yan; and Urette married Henry Hutchinson of Benton. All emigrated West.

3. Benjamin, born 1777 married Lovins Phelps of Auburn, N. Y., who died, leaving daughter Calista, who married Daniel Miller of Auburn, and (2) Paulina Atkins of Ballston, settled in Benton, 1807, where they both died. The two children of 2d marriage were Justina who married Wellington Seeger of Benton, lived at Bath, N. Y., and had one son, and two daughters; and Morgan S., who married Matilda Bates of Potter, had five sons, Byron, Emmet, Benjamin, Frederick and Charles.

4. Elizabeth, born 1780, married Griffin Sweet and moved to Chautauqua Co.

5. Robert, born 1780, married Hannah, daughter of Levi Bentor senior, moved to Indiana.

6. Polly (born before Robert), married Northrop, moved to Michigan.

7. Nancy, born 1780, married Jacob Briggs, of Potter. He died there, leaving four children, Miles, Elizabeth, Susan and Perry, with whom their mother removed to the West.

8. John, no further record.

9. Susan, perhaps died young.

Authorities: County Histories of New York, and brief Family Records. L. B. C.

QUERIES.

6526. HARRISON—Wanted parents of Wm. Harrison of Md. He m. Elizabeth Dickenson who were parents. Their daug. Rachel m. 1720 John Leedes, b. 1708, d. 1790.—N. R. F.

6529. HANNA—Wanted parents of Isabel Hanna who m. James Kerr of Md. His son David, was b. Feb. 8, 1740, lived at Greenbank Point, near Annapolis, Md.—N. R. F.

6530. ENNALS—Wanted parents of Isabell Ennals of York Co. Va. & Dorset Co., Md. Will died Mar. 1888. He m. Mary widow of Francis Hayward, names of her parents desired.—N. R. F.

6531. LOCKERMAN—Wanted name of son "Lockerman of Md." & his parents' names. He Sarah Woolford. Her parents names, my dates are desired.—N. R. F.

6532. CLARK—Wanted names of children of Patrick Clark of Dry Brook, Ulster Co. N. Y. He m. Mary Devitt.—N. R. F.

6533. HIGGINS—Wanted names of children of Rev. Robert Higgins of Dry Brook, Ulster Co. N. Y. He m. Fanny Mewett, names of his parents, her parents & my dates desired.—N. R. F.

6534. MASSON—Wanted names of parents of Ann Masson who m. Mr. Atkinson, & had Ann & Margaret, 2nd.—Devitt & had Mary who m. Patrick Clark of Dry Brook, Ulster Co. N. Y. What was Devil's 1st name? He was the 1st man to build on the old N. Y. City Prison grounds.—N. R. F.

6535. NEVEL—Wanted Elizabeth Nevel's parents, she m. William Curtis, father of John J. Curtis of Chil-

pher St. N. Y. City. William came from Lowell, Ireland.—N. R. F.

6536. HOOPER—Wanted names of Henry Hooper of Md. who m. dau. of Henry Knapp's who d. 1734.—N. R. F.

6537. STORM or STORMS—The will of Isaac Storms was filed at Hackensack, N. J. Mar. 11, 1829. He left a widow Elizabeth (2nd wife) and dau. Susannah wife of John Reton; wanted his ancestry and name of 1st wife.—N. R. F.

6538. BAKER, SILLIMAN—Information desired of Samuel Baker (called Dr.) who resided in Fairfield, Conn., in 1783. He married it is said about 1770 Rhoda Silliman, daughter of Nathaniel Silliman, of Fairfield.—E. P. K.

6539. SILLIMAN, LAWRENCE—The mother of Nathaniel Silliman was Lawrence. Was she the daughter of Thomas Jonathan or John Lawrence? The wife of Thomas Lawrence was Abigail Britton, and I have an old wedding ring that has come down through the Baker family marked "A. B." Could it have been Abigail Britton's ring?—E. P. K.

6540. MORGAN—Can you tell me the name of "the oldest sampler known" now in the Plymouth historical museum? I have one made by my gr.-gr.-grand mother, Susannah Morgan, 1770, whose daughter married Dr. Tisbee Baker, son of the Samuel Baker of whose Rev. service I wish information.—E. P. K.

6541. HUNT—Rebecca Hunt and Samuel Benson were married Nov. 9, 1763. She was the daughter of Rev. Asa Hunt of Dorchester, Mass., who was b. in Braintree, Mass., July, 1744. He d. while on a visit with his son at Providence, R. I., Sept. 25, 1761. His name appears on the Lexington Alarm list 1775. His ancestry and that of his wife Rebecca — is much desired. A member of the family thinks the name of the wife of Rev. Asa Hunt was Esther Pierce. Who can say which is correct?—A. G. R.

Portsmouth.

At the first meeting of the recently elected town council held on Monday, the following town officers were elected:

Auctioneers—John T. Gardner, George A. Wyatt, Isaac Chase.

Town Auditors—Oscar C. Manchester, Reston P. Manchester, John T. Gardner.

Overseer of the Poor—John B. Correll.

Dog Constable—Owen Reilly.

Special Constables—George E. Sisson, George A. Brown, Samuel C. Spooner.

Town Constables—Robert B. Amy, Charles E. Harvey, David B. Anthony.

Poly. Constable—William H. Tallant, Reston P. Manchester, Luther P. Chase.

Special Constables to Act under the Town Ordinances—John R. Manchester, Owen Reilly.

Tramp Constable—Charles Wilcox, Charles E. Harvey, Frank W. Greene, John R. Manchester; Samuel S. Spouter, George A. Carter.

Bird Constables—Albert W. Lawrence, Isaac Chase.

Special Constable to Act as Prosecuting Officer under the Liquor Law—Owen Reilly.

Appraisers of Dog Damage—William W. Anthony, William A. Chase, Madison Cram.

Sealer of Weights and Measures—Charles E. Harvey.

Surveyors of Lumber and Corders of Wood—Henry C. Anthony, Henry E. Anthony, Elbridge J. Stoddard.

Fence Viewers—John R. Coggeshall, John E. Manchester, Frank C. Cary.

Field Drivers—Frederick A. Sisson, C. Henry Dyer, Edward E. Harvey.

Inspectors of Ashes and Fish Mensures—Henry E. Anthony, Wilbur G. Wheeler.

Constituents of Town Asylum—Abraham G. Chase.

Weighers of Neat Cattle Slaughtered in the Town—John M. Brownell, Henry F. Anthony, Frank W. Wheeler.

Surveys of Highways—District No. 1, William W. Anthony; No. 2, Charles Carr; No. 3, William H. Tallant; No. 4, Charles H. Dyer.

Committee on Highways—District No. 1, Warren R. Sherman; No. 2, Bernard L. Sisson; No. 3, John L. Tallant; No. 4, Charles G. Thomas.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in certain Mortgagage Deeds, made by James T. Allen, wife Rebecca E. Hillier in release of downer, etc., in the State of Rhode Island, in Volume 26, pages 402 and 403 of the Mortgagages Land Evidence of the City of Newport, dated October 29, 1894, and recorded in Volume 26, pages 402 and 403 of the Mortgagages Land Evidence of the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, and afterwards assigned to me by virtue of the condition of the Mortgagage having been made and still existing, I do hereby sell and set at public auction, on Main Street, in front of the land hereinafter described, on MONDAY, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1907, at 12 o'clock noon, all the right, title and interest which said James T. Allen and Rebecca E. Hillier had at the time of the execution of said Mortgagage in the Mortgagage conveyed, or to that parcel of land, in the City of Newport, with dwelling house and improvements thereupon, bounded on Main Street, Southerly on Elm Street, Westerly on the Langley estate, Northerly on lands of Durfee, formerly of John L. Barker deceased, and Easterly on lands of John L. Barker, deceased, however now bounded, and the title of the execution of said Mortgagage is held by said Mortgagage donee, which is hereby made part thereof. And the said Undersigned hereby gives notice that he intends to bid for said property at said sale.

CONSTANT SMITH,
Assignee of Mortgage,
Newport, Nov. 9, 1907—104 W.

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A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

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THE ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PHOENIX,
Treasurer,
Mortgagor.

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THE ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PHOENIX,
Treasurer,
Mortgagor.

Newport, Nov. 8, 1907—104 W.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

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